



JERU THE DAMAYA



The Sun
Rises
in the
East.

JERU THE DAMAJA – D. ORIGINAL LYRICS

dirty rotten scoundrel, that's what i'm called, on the street
could connive and cheat but rarely get beat
ya see i'm streetwise, a con-game pro
kickin' the bobby bullsh-t, too smart for willie bobo

not stressin' five-o, hot hand in celo
live in the land of crooks yes brooklyn's the borough
homicide central, east new york
where the manic, depressive psycho murderers stalk

walk, like a ninja, on the asphalt
here talk is cheap, you're outlined in chalk
and there's more hard times, than on good times
and most n-gg-z dedicate their life to crime

so i'm steady schemin', won't work for a dime
used to get, tax free loot, all the time
type slick can't fess on 'ru, because

before trains were graffiti proof i used to get loose
dirty rotten since the days of the deuce
dirty, because of the skin i'm in
the fact i have melanin automatically makes me a felon

even though i'm righteous, rotten's what you're yellin'
but i'm not chain-sn-tchin', or drug-sellin'
according to your books you said i would be d-mned like ham
scoundrel opposite of the king that i am

but wanna get funny, we can get b-mmy
take you to the east and back again money
filthy purified trick, step past your sister
challenge the damaja, and you'll be history

mortal kombat fatality, the original don't sing no r and b
nasty mc deity
chop off domes with the poems that come out of my pin-eal
gland, as i expand, you know who i am

father of all stylin', i be whylin' on wax
we hack sh-t up like big ax and little ax
don't need tokes to make you jump like bungee
tracks real muddy, like brooklyn's real grungy

when i come through i clog up your sewer
peep the maneuver, drop the ill manure
so bring mr. clean, drano, and roto rooter
no matter what you do, you can't get through the

crud that comes out of your system
you're another victim, of dirty rotten
dirt up, in your grill, so what ya gonna do
but pay homage to

JERU THE DAMAJA – BROOKLYN TOOK IT LYRICS

ah check it out, check it out yo
ah check it out, check it out yo
ah check it out, check it out yo
ah check it out, check it out yo

here's the remedy, for all your cornball raps
brooklyn's back on the map, i'm not bragging
defeating all foes, bring your styles
i stomp out the last dragon

grand groove, grandmaster, like back in the days
holding my own on the street and the microphone
you can't rip it, i grip it and flip it
trip it down memory lane, back to the park jams

we used to spark jams, now n-gg-s get jammed
or should i say jelly?
my vocals rip through your pelle pelle
you can't see me so you can't hit me

you ace deuce tre, i four five six and trips
drums numb your ears, rhymes swell up your lips
chicks gravitate towards the crooked
if your props are gone, brooklyn took it

brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it

mindcrusher, spinecrusher, brooklyn been banging
making noise from the us to russia
couldn't set it, even if you wanted
so many bodies on my microphone, the sh-t's haunted

doggonit, your girl's on it
record companies are on it, you can't have it, causing havoc
building, destroying, deploying
my rhymes on beats strategically i melt any mc

i repre, aw f-ck it, don't even need to say it
you know the time when i start to saute it
so n-gg-s be having mad maws and sh-t
'cause brooklyn stole the show like a grand larcenist

but ease up off us or you'll need officers
we're deadly, there's no cure
boom bang 'em on down, treat compet-tion like clowns
crooklyn, crooklyn, from town to town
serve your girl b-tt naked, if she's gone, who took it?

brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it

this one is for brooklyn, land of crooks, home of my game
try to front and we retire, mc's set 'em all on fire
scooping up the fly ladies 'round my microphone like a mercedes
if i was a video game you couldn't play me

so keep it moving, don't play yourself
your rhymes are [unverified] sinna raffin' [unverified], mine quite graffing
switch up, change up, brooklyn still gets biz
plop plop, fizz fizz like alka-seltzer

try to freak it, wind up in a homeless shelter
cause f-ck what you heard, this is crooklyn's casa
try to see us, and it's an mc m-ssacre
when we step, your state we shook it
if it's gone, no doubt, brooklyn took it

brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it

JERU THE DAMAJA – PERVERTED MONKS IN THA HOUSE (THEME)

Production by Jeru the Damaja & DJ Premier]

[Jeru the Damaja]

One two, one two

It's time for the sun toucher

Jeru the Damaja, the original Dirty Rotten Scoundrel

You know what i'm saying?

And we be on the microphone doing lyrical Kung-Fu

Any man who dare's challenge us will be destroyed

You know what i'm saying?

The perverted Monks in tha house!

The poisonous, taking over..know what i'm saying

Any man,any man

No matter who he be, come step to us

Get done in

We have it locked down

We've studied the manuscript for year's and year's and year's

You can't deal with it, there's nothing you can do

JERU THE DAMAJA – MENTAL STAMINA LYRICS

featuring afu ra

yo afu (yo wh-ssup?)

yo yo, c'mere c'mere

yo let's freak that rhyme we was freakin the other night

(yo i'm wit it yo just set it off)

i'm sayin though, after this, it's no turnin back 'fu

(aiyyo just set it off man)

pugilistic linguistics, check out the mystics, we're fantistic

you mean fantastic

f-ck it, you'll get your -ss kicked

challenge my verbal gymnastics

vanacrobatics

vocabulary calisthenics

can't understand the mathematics are esoteric

watch the style but also peep the lyrics, my lightning, my thunder

way back i stomped out her-cu-les

but now i stomp out mc's

can't chill, because the sun don't freeze

heavy metal, hard like t-taniam

alchemist, i turn wax into platinum

[afu ra]

influential, scientifical power

my mental violence will shower

devour at a crazy rate, i speed into your circuits

and incorporatin data banks

stamina, in the brain is how i slay it

i enforce my boss and i always must obey it

endorsing a central rhyme of remedies

against any man at arms that can get with thee

eternal, internal, alchemist, i spill

logic and science ever since

throwing cerebral blows without my fist

poisonous, taoist

don't mess with toys in this racket

terrorists don't proceed to hi-jack it

[jeru]

it's too perverted, you heard it, so now you get murdered

test the sound system, it throws off your equilibrium

deep concentration can't fracture the meditation

compet-tion is flipped on at random

deviant monks attack the mic is mental pandemonium

and then some, you go for your hand gun

psychokinetic forces proceed to smash in your cerebellum
phonetian with more stamina than a christian
my mind, c3 h5 n3 o9 like nitroglycerine
i bust as afu ra crush
cl-ss with us and meet cerebus
[afu-ra]
ready, ridiculous rabbitry, as i commence
i whirlwind through cities
breaking down substances, combining matter
test my hand skills and back bones splatter
rough and tough although the mental will stomp ya
pugilism electrocute like blanka
collaborate, all my words into verses
i instill the will without even curses
slurs, escapade off the beat
totally complete with the unique physique
microcosmic warrior, indeed i'll destroy ya
and this mic, i'm taking over

JERU THE DAMAJA – DA BICHEZ LYRICS

i'm not talking about the queens

but the b-tches

not the sisters, the b-tches

not the young ladies, the b-tches

the b-tches, the b-tches

now a queen's a queen and a stunt is a stunt

you can tell who's who by the things they want

most chicks want minks, diamonds, a benz

spend up all your ends probably f-ck your friends

high-post att-tudes, real rude with fat -sses

think that the p-ssy is made out of gold

try to control you by slidin' up and down on the wood

they be givin' up s-x for goods

dealin' with b-tches is the same old song

they only want you 'til someone richer comes along

don't get me wrong, strong black women

i know who's who so due respect i'm givin'

while queens stand by you and stick around

b-tches suck you dry and push you down

so it's my duty to address this vampire's

givin' the black man stress

recognize what's real and not material

or burn in h-ll, chasin' polo and guess, dumb b-tches

i'm not talking about the queens

but the b-tches

not the sisters, the b-tches

not the young ladies, the b-tches

the b-tches, the b-tches

my man had a chick an' thought she was finger-lickin'

i knew her style that's why i'm vegetarian

i told him she was out to get what she could get

he didn't believe me, so she bagged him up in the end

made the p-ssy do tricks then she sucked his d-ck

he got caught up in the grip now he's payin' the rent

black widow, she even killed dead presidents

that he'd owe, shouldn't have got one red cent

i body slam her but i'm not a misogynist
when i see a brother gettin' nabbed it makes me p-ssed
cosmetic enchantress, scandalous temptress
the way my man went out you'd think she was a pimp stress

b-tches come my way, i make 'em hop
'cause i'm hip to the game
i'm not a slave so i don't get p-ssy-whipped
bear in mind you'll lose em' to end material riches
f-ckin' around with those b-tches

i'm not talking about the queens
but the b-tches
not the sisters, the b-tches
not the young ladies, the b-tches
the b-tches, the b-tches

since i've been club-hoppin', you've been ho-hoppin'
you've seen them pop up in every spot that i'm in
any n-gg- with a record could get your b-tt naked
so your man got a lex'[unverified]
you live in the projects

tryin' a flex but you ain't the smartest
your -ss ain't the fattest
f-ck around, play yourself and get dissed
i know your status, you can't touch my status

deep down you want this
dyin' a be famous but you can't attain this
poppin' that coochie for gucci
b-tches like you ain't sh-t to me

and don't talk about r e s p e c t
'cause i treat my black sisters like royalty
now go in peace, don't make me get raw
and treat you like the harlot that you are filthy b-tches

JERU THE DAMAJA – YOU CAN'T STOP THE PROPHET LYRICS

guy 1: ohhh! yo look towards the darkness

guy 2: nah nah yo, look towards the light

guy 1: yo what! oh what the? yo what is that?

guy 2: it's a supernova

guy 1: nah nah man, that's a black hole

guy 2: yo! yo!

guy 1: yo!

1 + 2: yo it's. it's. it's?!

(the prophet)

i, leap over lies in a single bound

(who are you?) the black prophet

one day i got struck by knowledge of self

it gave me super-scientifical powers

now i, run through the ghetto

battlin my, arch nemesis mr. ignorance

he's been tryin to take me out since the days of my youth

he feared this day would come

i'm hot on his trail, but sometimes he slips away

because he has an army, they always give me trouble

mainly – hatred, jealousy and envy they attack me

they think they got me

but i use my super-science and i twist all three

i see sparks over that buildin – they're shootin at me

i dip, do a backflip

then hit em in the heart with sharp steel bookmarks

ignorance hates when i drop it

but no matter, what he do. he can't stop the prophet

(deceit)

yo prophet, yo prophet, c'mere real quick

yo i just saw ignorance downtown, let me put you on

(girl #2)

word, he down there buggin

he got them illin out, they shootin and everything else.

(the prophet)

let's continue the saga, mad mad drama

i met this chick, she said she knew where ignorance was at

i said, "where?" she said, "downtown"

he had babies havin babies – and young n-gg-z sellin crack

i think the b-tch is lyin, it's a set up

i can smell it, but ignorance is runnin rampant
aight baby show me the exact spot
meet me at hoyt and schermerh-rn at 3 on the dot
so i hops up on the a-train, i'm bein followed
my seventh sense senses danger
i turn around, it's anger
and he brought a mob along, it's the same old song
despair and animosity got broke with the swiftness
i don't know what they think this is
i feel a sharp pain in my neck now i can't see, i'm like hiram
they hit me with the dart filled with the pork chop serum
i tried to hold on but before long i dropped
when i awoke i was locked in the barber's shop
trapped in the barber's chair
oh no, they're gonna try and cut my hair
but that can't stop the prophet

(anger)

yo prophet!

ignorance is tired of you followin him around
we about to put an end to that right now
anamosity (yea!) despair (yo wh-ssup?) get him!

{dj premier cuts and scratches: "can't a d-mn thing stop me"}

(the prophet)

a few minutes p-ssed by, i hear a buzzin noise
it was that chick with some of ignorance's boys
she said, "prophet, we got you beat;
by the way i'm mr. ignorance's wife, deceit.
but enough talk; now for your hair cut."
when the clippers touched my hair, they blew the f-ck up
after the explosion there was no one left
cause i know dim mak/poison hand/touch of death
my vision's still kinda blurry, but i see a clue
ignorance is at the library
i hurry, with lightning speed like the flash
he's at the big one, on grand, army plaz'
when i get inside the doors shut and the lights go off
d-mn, another trap
i hear a hissin sound, i smell a funny smell
i gasp, i can't breathe
ignorance is laughin at me
waitin on my downfall, but he can't stop the prophet

(mr. ignorance)

well prophet

it seems like you're in a bit of a jam

i hope you can unstick yourself

oh, and what you did to my wife, it was nothing

i have others

hahahahahaha... hahahahaha. hahahahahah...

"the saga continues!"

JERU THE DAMAJA – AIN'T THE DEVIL HAPPY LYRICS

[intro:]

now i don't be foolin' around, i tell the truth. nothing's secret

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

as devils search for the secrets to immortality
i alter my physical chemistry
walk through the valley of the shadow of death
i exist even when no things are left
vibrations transcend sp-ce and time
pure at heart because i deal with the mind
that's why i compose these verses
audible worlds, my thoughts are now universes
written on these pages is the ageless wisdom of the sages
ignorance is contagious
so i hope you keep your focus
there's no hocus-pocus, in the end it's just us
devil got brother k!llin brother, it's insane
goin out like abel and cain
wisen up and use your brain
there'll be no limit, to the things that you can gain
in positivity, balance it with negativity
until then, ain't the devil happy

[[hook]]

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]

i hate when the devil's happy, so i wear my hair nappy
knotty, won't go out like john gotti
he came from the caves to destroy everybody
and we like fools destroy our own bodies
too many n-ggas chilling, bad boys boom boom
this leaves no room for the flowers to bloom
seeds blow in the wind, another drug k!lling
what are we accomplishing? nothing
what's the matter?
why everytime i look around another brain gets splattered?
some pockets get fatter but it don't matter
the devil's the only one who really gets fatter
lead ruptures flesh, spleens are shattered
dreams are shattered, another queen without a king
what will our children become without proper guidance?
probably nothing, so ain't the devil happy

[hook]

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]

n-ggas are in a state of nothingness

hopelessness, lifelessness

if you're in range, i hope you hear this

and try to change this 'cause it's disastrous

who gets the most loot? who gets bust?

dollar bill y'all is the god we trust

the days blow by like dust, even men of steel rust

we're out here acting ridiculous, when only we can save us

mentally enslave us for little or nothing, k!ll our neighbors

animalistic, cannibalistic behavior

look to the sky for your savior

he won't save ya, he didn't save your forefathers

why bother, brothers?

you must discover the power of self

know thyself or find thyself

hating thyself, k!lling thyself

while he collects the wealth that you sit back and murder for

ain't the devil happy?

[hook]

JERU THE DAMAJA – MY MIND SPRAY LYRICS

-premier cuts and scratches jeru saying “my mind spray” for four bars-

i annihilate, as i articulate
words of power, your ryhmes are unconfounding so death's your fate
ostentatious genius, of rappin
is mentally clappin to take hip-hop back, that's what's happenin
proficiency and ingenuity
plus more styles, than a shaolin mon-es-tary
in poetry my formula's deadly
bring your hypest man in your army another casual-ty
slow like demise i crept on those that slept
droppin my ryhme science like i'm imhotep
application of mind over matter
made fools scatter, rhymes fatter, minds splatter
your girl bend over and over and over
mc's try to touch the damaja but you just can't win
excellent with the word play, you lay
face down, when my, mind spray

-premier does his thing again like only primo can-

thunder on your dome with no help from mad max
lyrics like hype tattoos go over the dope tracks
we b-by-traps, all our inventions
we know the intentions of mc kleptomaniacs
rap brainiacs have cardiacs soon after the attack
when it comes to ryhmin i slam harder than shaq
accomplish the bio-feedback, more complex than an almanac
keep you up like an afrodesiac
idealist not an opportunist
don't molest no shorty still in all, i'm dangerous
mentally you can't talk to me, hear me, or see me
you're not equipped
from, street blocks to cell blocks my vo-cals rock
do more work than a crackhead with a, toolbox
jeru never touch-er, mic-ra-phone wrecker
if your honey's a queen i'll s-x her
more important, the mind strikes like the nine strikes
a priest by may
you reach for your uzay, when my mind spray

-primo flexes that razor sharp turntable wizardry-

j-e, rrrah-you it's a horror to you
lyrical kung-fu so do your kung-fu if you know kung-fu
dirty, down low profile
shoot up jams without the aid of lead projectiles
style's ridiculous, techniques infamous
take more heads than santa claus at christmas
science misfits, meet the rath of my wit
immediately following, they go into a conniption fit
reach into my bag of darkness and spark this like an arsonist
blow up like a terrorist
i'm not a s-xist don't have the power to be a racist
i'm a scientist, and an activist
complex yeah simple like mixelplics
unlike the silly devil, i don't come with tricks/trix
so out there to all you mc's return to the righteous way
or meet death face to face when my, mind spray

-primo wrecks it like a 12 car collision-

JERU THE DAMAJA – COME CLEAN LYRICS

you wanna front what? jump up and get bucked
if you're feeling lucky duck then press your luck
i sn-tch fake gangsta mc's and make 'em f-got flambes
your nine spray my mind spray

malignant mist steadily pumps the funk
the results you're a gang stuffed in a car trunk
you couldn't come to the jungles of the east poppin' that game
you won't survive get live catchin' wreck is our thing

i don't gang bang or shoot out bang, bang
the relentless lyrics the only dope i slang
i'm a true master you can check my credentials
'cuz i choose to use my infinite potentials

got a freaky, freaky, freaky, freaky flow
control the mic like fidel castro locked cuba
so deep that you can scuba dive my jive
origin is unknown like the judas

i've acc-mulated honies all across the map
'cuz i'd rather bust a nut then bust a cap in
ya back in fact my rap snaps ya sacroiliac
i'm the mack so i don't need to tote a mac

my attack is purely mental and its nature's not hate
it's meant to wake ya up out of ya brainwashed state
stagnate nonsense but if you persist
you'll get ya snot box bust you press up on this

i flip hoes dip none of the real n-gg-s slip
you don't know enough math to count the mics that i ripped
keep the dirty rotten scoundrel as his verbal weapons spit

real rough and rugged, shine like a gold nugget
every time i pick up the microphone i drug it
unplug it on chumps with the gangsta babble
leave your nines at home and bring your skills to the battle

you're rattlin' on and on and ain't sayin' nothing
that's why you got snuffed when you b-mp heads with dirty rotten
have you forgotten, i'll tap you jaw
i also kick like kung fu flicks by run run shaw

made frauds bleed every time i g'd
'cuz i've perfected my drunken style like sam seed
pseudo psychos i play like michael
jackson when i'm bustin' -ss and breakin' backs

inhale the petrified aroma
breathe too deep and you'll wind up coma
toes the king i'm hard like a fifth of vodka
and bring your clique 'cuz i'm a hard rock knock a

i gotcha, out on a limb i'm about to push you off the brink
let you draw your craw but you burnin' shot breaks
when the east is in the house you should come equipped

fly like a jet sting like a h-rnet
knuckleheads get live and set it off if you want it
dirty rotten scoundrels is crushin' fools no joke
with styles more fatal than second hand smoke

don't provoke the wrath of this rhyme inventor
'cuz i blow up spots like the world trade center
come with the super trooper on his -ssault mission
the tench's technique 'cuz he's a technician

wishin' he'll go away won't help the weapons stop
the skills are shot 'cuz any idiot can let off a glock
hard rock smellin' the clutch of this untouchable
you claim you got beef on the streets so whatcha

gonna do when real n-gg-z roll up on you
and you don't got your crew
pull your glock but you don't got the heart
you was webbed straight from the start

bought a tool and didn't learn how to use it
got lost in brooklyn so you had to lose it
just for frontin' you got that -ss waxed

JERU THE DAMAJA – JUNGLE MUSIC LYRICS

it started on the sands of land of the mother
word to mother, king like my father
my style survived slave ships, whips and chains, hardships
still through all this the praise roll off my lips

bring your guns, chains and tone force your religion
on me cut my hair, the vibes still exist
to destroy the molesters of my heritage
but they conceal the drums of evil, my loyal lineage

king of kings, god of gods
like my ancestors drums i beat the odds
more mics killed than slaves during the middle p-ssages
who rapes and ravages and calls us savage?

jungle bunny, i'm not mo' funny, i'm mo' deadly
they know one day we'll learn how to use it
that's why they fear our jungle music
(in the jungle)

we went from pyramids to the ghetto
still my sounds make devils tumble like the walls of jericho
chant my paower to devour all the snakes and rats
extrasensory perception to avoid all traps

make a joyful noise unto the lord
in the sanquary of your caves white kids press record
as my mystic music spread from sea to galaxy
it's inevitable, you can't stop me

try to carbon copy, but it always comes out sloppy
you can't outrap me, you can't outrock me
like the dreads on my head, you try and lock me
down underground, but i bounce to the jungle

melodies, that flows like the breeze
through the trees, like my forefathers
command the wind and seas
with my jungle music

unga, bunga, binga
sound warrior, i'll take your head more than a rap singer
enlightener, with the mitre
make the forces of my nature smite ya

over the airwaves, powers are released
holy music destroy the savage beast
i'll beat the devil like a niyabini drummer
beasts his drum, this beat will drum through the summer

try to hold us back with all the strength you can muster
you'll hear a sound similar to the one custer
heard before he got ambushed, you'll get ambushed

for taking this back to kush
for too long you've abused it
on the low used it, and called it jungle music

JERU THE DAMAJA – STATIK LYRICS

electromagnetic beam i get charged
rhymes i run right thru em like a big box of trojan large
mc's tried to hang but its a brooklyn thang
poison slang poison fang
poison pen let me begin
tryin to rhyme up in my cipher is gambilin
freestylin me g i be buckwilin
you cant even challenge a n-gg- in my position
technician renditions more freaky than rick james
fly like airplanes thru all it remain the same
my cuts like freddy krueger
dont need a german luger
but shoot more sh-t than stern-ruger
dirty rottens comin thru punks cling to their guns
dont start none, there wont be none
cuz ahh... f-ck around and it'll be tragic

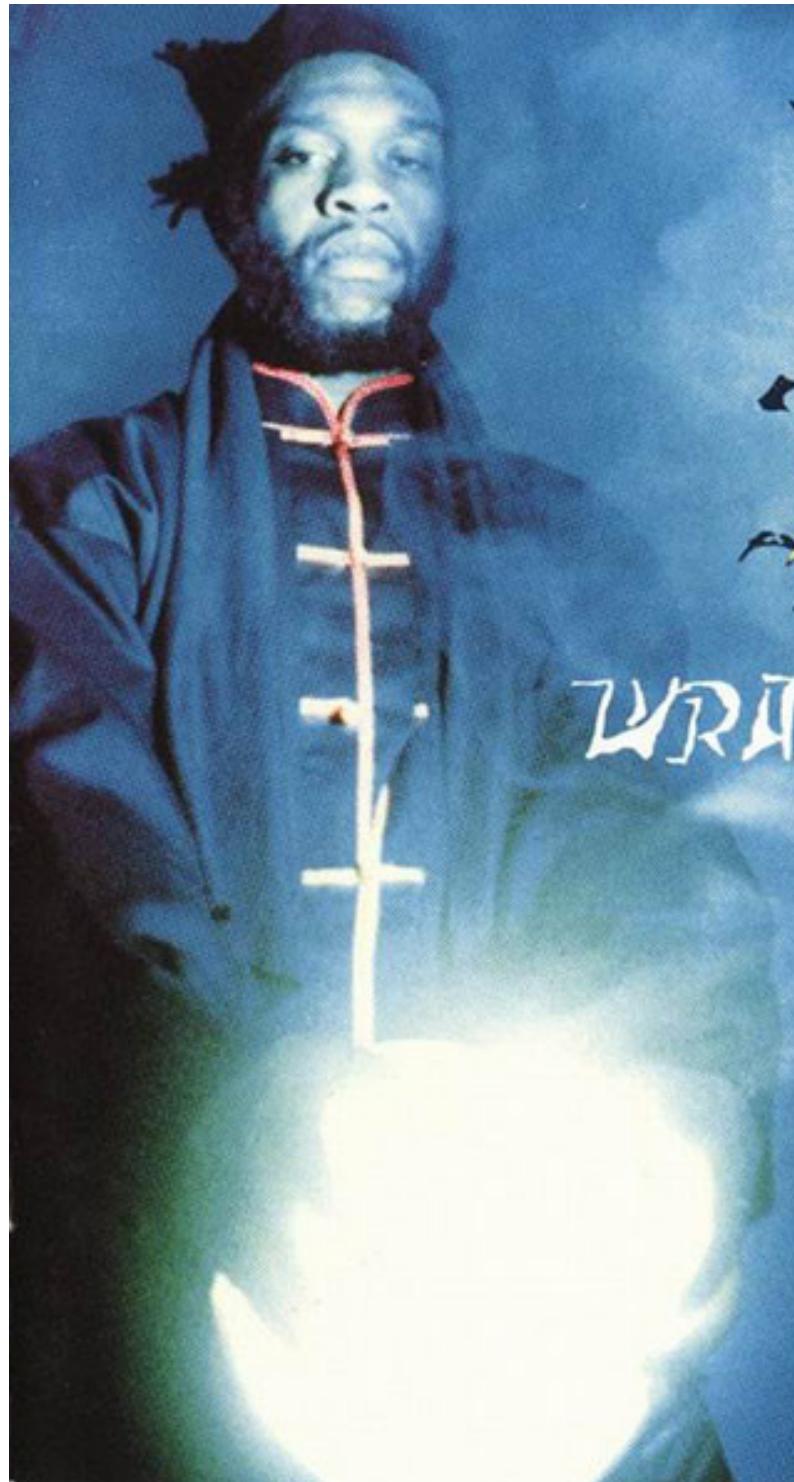
chorus
and i could rock a rhyme with just statik

devastating, i gotcha heart pulsating
ool-age, you need aid, -j-c-l-ting
rhymes like s-m-n, mc's is scheming
tryin to bag me baby black you must be beemin...
feenin, i dont know who gased ya head up
im straight up, for less n-gg-s have got wet up
im on a mission, scrambling my enemies transmission
when he least expect it, run up in his h-q
hi i.q., every verse is e-q ued
sliver like a snake, still you cant elued
the neba, but not caneza
its the toucha, no gun or god can protect ya
neither the scripture, choke like a boa constrictor
this is my house and i'll evict ya
big respect is automatic... black

chorus

i'll sn-tch up your girlfriend, her friend and their friends
i got the game & fame shake out the condoms
she's a victim, you shouldnt have that mouth dirty rotten
and for the longest we knew you were plotten
on the down fall, who stands tall, lick the b-ls

im not like that, so i smash out p-ssy walls
on the low, oh no, on the high
i get high, praise to the most high
tried to battle me, step up & die
like the arc of the covenant i electrify
petrify, intelligence i glorify
so devils are horrified
sprayin like pecticide, con commit suicide
step into my realm and be fried
by the statik...



JERU THE DAMAYA

WRATH OF THE MUTH

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

JERU THE DAMAJA – WRATH OF THE MATH LYRICS

let us now discuss the mental att-tude
the mental must always stay clam
you must let nothing move you
be it good or bad

but when the mental and i be moved
there is no longer good or bad, there just is
when there just is
you have the power to form and shape

so now witness
the wrath of the math
tell me when you ready
i'm ready

JERU THE DAMAJA – THE FRUSTRATED NIGGA LYRICS

out of the fog into the smog, he walks in
he's ready for victory
he walks again by night, ruthlessly
meeting wit the unknown

it's the educated field n-gg-, trained in guerilla
warfare plus equipped wit mental hardware
manifesting organizational skills
cuz organizational skills kills more devils than bullets
pull it, the psychological trigger
and be a real n-gg-
happy as a runaway slave in the jungle, the concrete jungle,
here's your scars weary, here's your arms don't fear 'em
but you might die if you bail against the system
another n-gg- caught up in the system
to amend my invisible chains and deviate from the system
no longer shall i be a victim
victimized, circ-msized by the lies of the system
it's equivalent to being nonexistent
i used to be a p-wn in the game
now i change my position, i'm making moves
beware of the frustrated n-gg-
know what i'm saying

ride the pale horse, triumphantly
put a saddle on his back, take him to h-ll and back
you can take a n-gg- out the jungle
but you can't take the jungle out the cat
black cats, brown cats, all types of cats
mental fusion, it's no illusion, or delusion
of grandeur but the way we were
and will be and ever shall be
eternally but you mask my present existence
in ignorance, mock my appearance
yet yearn for my essence, steal my lessons
so i reeducate, unlearn what
was taught, hold down the fort
each one teach one, now i got support
we don't need no water, let the m-th-f-ka burn
down to the ground
america, america, the beautiful
thoughts from a frustrated n-gg-

you know what i'm saying

systematic destruction of the original man
drugs by n-gg- on n-gg-
cocaine, morphine, nicotine
the evil of men run through my bloodstream
and the blood of kings runs through my bloodstream
this dignified b-st-rd
hazardous to the health of america
black rebel in your area
psycho-n-lyze this
then send your forces cuz now we mean business
you should now bear witness
to a new breed of n-gg-
this n-gg- is smarter than the n-gg- of time's past
this n-gg- is the n-gg- of the future
this n-gg- will emanc-p-te himself from the t-tle of n-gg-
and restore his t-tle as king
so beware, beware, beware, beware
the frustrated n-gg-

JERU THE DAMAJA – BLACK COWBOY LYRICS

verse 1

i heard some mc's wanna bring it
but a female is one of their strongest men
when i step to you don't seek refuge
make it happen f-ck the rappin'
because i know i got that sewed
the first time i ever touched the microphone it glowed
now i explode eruptin' like a n-gg- that drunk too much
but not intoxicated...
as mental stress increase you'll need to be sedated
sick and tired of the izm schism
this time's a warning, after this we take it to pugilism
mash out the beedies, dreads spark up the corn
i flow muddy like the gutter after the rainstorm
my mission to seek, build or destroy
like deadwood d-ck, i be the black cowboy
and this is the showdown...

chorus

[primo scratching]

"i got the wild style..." / "black cowboy"

verse 2

after this mc's will wish to do battle with me
for their sake i hope that they apply the proper strategy
in any case, worst comes to worst i'll be the best
storms will come, this we know for sure, but can you stand the crash test?
there's no vest or no way you can get suited up
for what's about to happen, you might as well get zooted
i heard that ignorance is bliss, so i guess you're all blistered
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
and just in case the first time you missed it
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
livin' on a diet of flesh and mistic
i kicks the ballistics and keep it realistic
we shoot sh-t up like the hatfields and mccoys
perverted monks, the black cowboys
and this is the showdown...

repeat chorus

verse 3

it's a cryin' shame what some n-gg-s'll do for fame
when they think they know the game
but i switch up the rules of the game
drops jewels in the game
the fluid is quite fatal, like water on the brain
i be the sheriff and i got mc's on the chain gang
continuous hard labour until the day that they hang
one outlaw tried to escape but i murdered his gang
right back at ya b-tch-ss just like a boomerang
or a bolo, you couldn't knock me out with apollo
the god is never chillin', hot like a volcano
once i met up with this bandolero
why'd he make me bust him in his head with his banjo?
i put mc's on the ceiling like michelangelo
did the sixteenth [sistine] chapel
known to kick and grapple, so you couldn't test the real mccoy
the black cowboys
and this is the showdown...

repeat chorus

JERU THE DAMAJA – THA BULLSHIT LYRICS

ladies and gentlemen, children of all ages
it's me, jeru the damaja
and i'm here to present to you today
the bullsh-t

yes, this is the bullsh-t, the extreme bullsh-t
the absolute bullsh-t
this is the bullsh-t of bullsh-t

this bullsh-t is so bullsh-t
i never wanna hear this bullsh-t on the radio
or in my children's ears 'cause it's bullsh-t
you know?

so, as we talk about the bullsh-t
and what bullsh-t is
i'ma drop the bullsh-t on you right now
you know, the bullsh-t goes like this

jump up in my rolls royce, top choice
make 'em holler, everything i do is for a dollar
f-ck being civilized, i got dollar signs in my eyes
one day i'll fall but for now, i'll rise

trust me, as the stink stuff fries up
i'm cookin' up, i used to spend the nights in spots run up
buck buck but now i'm all growed up and blowed up
and believe me, baby paw, i got it all sewed up

and the loot is in big bags and all stored up
and the n-gg-z i used to run with is all locked up
but i'll keep bubblin', got 'em on the corners
like court jesters jugglin', avoid the late night mugging

because stick up kids be bugging
i paid my dues, so i'm on some exotic island
smilin', sun shinin' all off my diamonds
sippin' on martinis, bad hookers in bikinis

a airplane load of exotic work from tahiti
plus a squad of killer b-tches that all carry uzis
i got a lot, so if it gets too hot
jump in the billion dollar jet or the million dollar yacht

got the teflon vest, in case they knock me out the box
oh no, i think i hear gunshots

d-mn, sh-t was just a dream, d-mn
that's a scary motherf-cking dream, that was bullsh-t
i'd never say no bullsh-t like that
glad i don't live none of that bullsh-t
that sh-t is absolutely bullsh-t

JERU THE DAMAJA – WHATEVER LYRICS

[skeeter rock talking]

hey this is skeeter rock comin' to you live at the hip-hop barbershop
i wanna give a shout out to college park, eastpointe, swats, and decatur
a fellas ain't y all sick of these hoes paging and stressing you out
right now we looking for all the ladies that got out back
whatever i'm bout, she bout that, whatever i'm on, she on that

[chorus – katrina]

whatever you bout, i'm bout that
whatever you on, i'm on that
whatever you wanna do, i just wanna be right where you at
(i just wanna have some fun)
whatever you bout, i'm bout that
whatever you on, i'm on that
whatever you wanna do, i just wanna be right where you at

[verse 1 – jermaine dupri]

uh, all around the world girls know about me
ridin' up and down old n-a-t
plates on the back say don chi chi
hat bent, black bent, lookin so fresh, so clean, i'm ridin'
same j.d., same game again
out here hittin' hoes like cham-ber-lin
and i love it when they let me come through
even bring my crew, then i'm in the wind, no stress
no, where you going, no, where you been
no where you at, no, who you wit (uh)

[jd and tigah]

care free very freaky hoe, that's what i prefer (say what)
that let me come through anytime, and do what i wanna do to her

[tigah]

and come on and work it on me, like it's all about you
play at your own risk, girl hugs and kiss (kissing sound)
baby shake it up like dice
nasty and naughty, exotic and nice
home alone, girl hit me on that nextel
j. on the other end, she waiting to exhale
cop a baby l blat, do as, i'm bangin' in that back
she got pictures of me, bangin' in that back
so we gon', laze up, in my tunes
and lock up for days in a hotel room

pull the pink thong to the west (west)
prepare to insert billy bong in ya chest
and get full of smoke just like chris-tian
list-en, cause i forgot to men-tion
ain't no sh-t b-mpin' like this one
girlfriend lets relieve some ten-sion, girl i hear you saying

[chorus – katrina]

whatever you bout, i'm bout that
whatever you on, i'm on that
whatever you wanna do, i just wanna be right where you at
(i just wanna have some fun)
whatever you bout, i'm bout that
whatever you on, i'm on that
whatever you wanna do, i just wanna be right where you at

[r.o.c. talking w/ last 2 lines of chorus]

yeah we on that, let's do it, uh

[verse 2 – r.o.c.]

lord knows, flows, i kick expose
hoes, get 'em right out of they clothes
never knew she was so disgustin'
f-ckin, suckin' discussing over lunch and
with her girlfriend, how i bangs it in
for seven, four, o, i, l, n
head so compellin', i'm tellin'
every n-gg- that i know then i'm bailin'
soon as i screw one, then i'm choosin'
a new one, so it's never no confusion
my solution, is distribution
one i require, this kids retire
retails, mines, females, mines
heartbreaks, yours, broads gettin' divorced
but of course, now if you bout what i'm bout
then bring me dough and cook my dope in ya house

[nate dogg]

i smell somethin' fishy baby, that ain't ya breath
i p-ss on the p-ssy you can suck it and step
swallow all the juice until it ain't nothin' left
she ain't that fine, but she does it the best
westside riders, do what they want
dogg pound gang ain't afraid, to dump
we never hesitate to give 'em just what they want

when i'm in the atl, baby don't front
she knows i got a girl, whatever
she knows i f-cked her girl, whatever
she knows it's a one-night stand, whatever (whatever)
she knows i can't be her man, whatever
westside riders, they be mobbin' wit j.d.
oooooh, homeboy t-i-g
southside riders, nate dogg and r.o.c.
oooooh, we'er the best you'll ever see

JERU THE DAMAJA – PHYSICAL STAMINA LYRICS

featuring afu ra

afu: yo 'ru

jeru: yo wh-ssup?

afu: yo c'mere c'mere. yo let's freak that rhyme we was freakin'
the other night

jeru: i'm sayin' i'm with it just set it off

afu: yo after this there's no turning back

jeru: i'm saying just set it off!

physical paralysis open your chest like a chalice
mcs couldn't strike movements we wish to brandish
i'm tormentin' mind states lyrical warrior
i flow through, f-ck the mic i f-ckin' floor ya
headlocks and armlocks, necks is gettin' broken
no jokin', format'll leave your whole borough smokin'
fist of five rings, i fling mcs to the gutter
samurai sharp, more deadly than box-cutters
ultimate, as i emit your death blow
perverted monks, and jeru with the combo

peter piper picked peppers
and run rocked rhymes but now he rock hymns
i got g through mama
the physical extremities
indomitable
the spirit can't be broken
but jaws are broken
and even backs are broken
think you're on point, well let your points of pressure open
foot and fist got your head hangin' open

the breath rebirth
i damage in the mental and physical universe
you quake the earth when you hit face-first
brake before it gets worse
but those that thirst for abuse get loose
'cause soon i'll be around that neck tight like a noose
god, show improvement

more than the juggernaut
electric like magneto
know you couldn't test mental, or now the sequel

i slip to the floor for the grapple
i crack your collarbone, while i bust your adam's apple
spleens get ripped out the backs of your raps
broken-down fractions as you start to make actions
it's too elusive, how i'm quicker than bruce's
silver surfin', the universe is now its astrological
as i proceed in my vehicle
you can't stop it
fiber-optic, so you watch it
sophistry, with so much fury
you can't get with me
fight scenes are left bl-dy
poisonous,
my thoughts make plates shift
some may call this tectonics
but airwaves from miles i boil by my sonics
it's ironic, got mcs hooked on phonics
so physical styles i construct like bionics

displaced joints like shaolin should not
furious roundhouses cause bones to splinter
protect your feet, legs, midsection and neck
'cause i'm here to let you know it's not just on mpegs
we wrecks, and more than just figuratively
let it be known that we bringin' it physically
and the effect is bodily harm
no chance to pull your firearm
for the body move swift and the mind stay calm
ways shift like the moment before the storm
watch my form
it's deadly
come to close it could get bl-dy
and ugly
you think that you could stop me?
perverted monks, so now we apply pressure
this stamina's style is iller than its predecessor
dial witch professor, mix up the elixir
internal power, mcs we devour

JERU THE DAMAJA – ONE DAY LYRICS

yo, who stepped off rage
broke cracked bottle tops, spilled this forever
whites, no trace, leather jacket zipped up to his face
he dipped behind the wall, shalenka couldn't aim to touch it
these cats have started something that they couldn't finish
now they flee the country
yo, shot guy, god please forgive this life we're living
takin' mans for diems, aiyo, hands on your head where i can see 'em
the chron's shone, spit out the combine
i'm tryin' to make my exit real quick
we leave no form of evidence

[chorus]

bakin' slugs out the dark
wild shoot-outs through the park
these jail houses overcrowdin'
all my thugs remain calm
money turnin', trees is burnin'
but one day, it'll be gone
(now one day)
i'm your suspect

yo, heavy chron with small engravments
digits wit' small letters that name it
man created, but always to blame it
i'm far rusted, pushin' your gl-sted, you busted and p-ssy
open your face and get chopped, just like a cussy
you're pyro, i got one eye lookin' straight down the barrell
don't mistake me for shhhh, i'll eat your food and real quick
burn up the gear i dressed in
meanwhile the motive got them itchin' questions and guesses
what would you ask god if you had one question?
aiyo, deal wit' your family in your life
don't try to flop mine, they puttin' over dates and trials
little snitches turn into coffins and push six
a man could be my worst enemy, i'll take this
>from pyramids, beer caps to dollar bills with faces
got me chasin' bl-dy papers
scattered 'cross the floor like forty acres
so tired that, better yet, picture this from beer caps
to dollar bills, black clips, lyrical high tips

[chorus]

yo, half a dutch inside a candle seed
liquor bottles in cemetarys
'nuff built up inside my body, but the lord is my salvation
still have to make a move, cause just put off
broken fingers on metal tables, hands off, i'll pull off
black caddies and starlen windows that's bulletproof
all you could see is fog off the door
and richotched to the floor
thirty-four fours, align your back, all straight to your jaw's jaws
all pause, lookin' through the barrell, it's all yours

[chorus]

JERU THE DAMAJA – REVENGE OF THE PROPHET (PART 5) LYRICS

[ignorance]

well prophet

it seems like you're in a bit of a jam

i hope you can unstick yourself, oh

and what you did to my wife

it was nothing, i have others

hahahahahaha

the saga continues.....

[verse 1]

it's been a while since i escaped the library

fightin ignorance everyday, its gettin weary

when i think i got him

he pulls a slip on me

and theres so many soldiers

in his fiendous -ss army

one of the fiercest, is this n-gga named tricknology

the last time we met, he got the drop on me

sh-t happens so fast he even got some of my family

blasted my way up out the building

when i catch him im gon k!ll him

track him uptown, where i hear he's lyin to children

1-2-5th's the stop, go outside i hear gunshots

run up the block

greedy lou's dead infront of the materialistic crack spot

trick's yellin out this is my block

i would've hit him, but i didn't have a clear shot

an innocent bystander might get popped

d-mn....a small thang cuz the prophet still can't be stopped

[trick talking]

what...thats right, this is my motherf-ckin life

trick-nol-ogy, you know what im sayin

you know me, you can't front on me....

[verse 2]

im in a f-cked up position

but if he squeezes again, im gon lift em

a few seconds later now here comes the siren

oh sh-t its the pork chop patrol

their on ignorance's payroll

and they only came to hold...

tricknolog down, scoop greedy lou off the ground

throw him in the back of a truck
one yells 'what the f-ck n-gga ya lookin at?
now get the f-ck outta here'
then i get that feeling that i feel when danger is in the air
then out of nowhere one yells the prophets over there
immediately following mad led is in the air
picture all posted up like they knew i'd be here
i'd go for what i know
but sh-t there everywhere
through in the back and forth my gun gets lost
but i managed to get one high powered thought off
i split 6 pigs that got sawed off
as their bodies break south i proceed to break north
now sh-t is lookin dim and you'd think all maybe lost
but the prophet won't go out at any cost
you could never stop the prophet....

unit's 1 & 2, unit's 1 & 2 the prophet has been sighted
if you see him k!ll him

[scratching of] can't a d-mn thing stop me

[verse 3]
i head toward the train station
my force did stop most of the ammunition
still i need medical attention
but im not b-tchin ,gettin ignorance is my mission
all of a sudden greedy lou comes creepin
around the corner talkin bout..prophet your a gonna
we knew you followed trick uptown because you wanna
get rid of ignorance but that dont make no sense
he runs the world i know this from experience
why don't you come & work wit us
you'll see the boss' game is nice
that night...greedy lou died twice
now i'm wanted, pork chop patrol has a warrant
but that still can't stop the prophet

here ye, here ye the court of ignorance is now in session
we, judge and the jury find the prophet
guilty in the murder of greedy lou
one of our close personal homeboys
so for that the sentence is death
when you find him execute him

JERU THE DAMAJA – SCIENTIFICAL MADNESS LYRICS

scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest
scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest

there's a hole in the ozone layer
i'm rippin' vampires, you think i give a f-ck?
who's the biggest player
or who's got the fattest bank roll?
what is it if a man gains the world
an' lose his own soul?

bio-engineered, mutated chickens
n-gg-z lickin' one another
brother killin' brother
an' you demon m-th-f-ckas start coastal rivalries
the world's greatest l-st is jewelery
mind jah lick you with disease

so i inflict mcs like ebola
or some other man made cancer
f-ck a two-hundred dollar sweater
we need to try an' reach the n-gg-z
on the corner

but all we do is create drug dealers
envy then creates murderers
diamond rings, pretty hoes
fat chains, expensive things
just watch which way
ya burner swings in this world of

scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest
scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest

chemical warfare
the telephoner acts like he lives here
the government is putting mad sh-t in the air

projects are strategically set-up

in the case that sh-t you up

they easily blown up

poisonous gases

the so-called righteous help for the m-sses

but it's them that judge their own -sses

knowing what their task is

but still recedin', -ss backwards

do you need to ask me who the devil is?

some may call it showbizz

i just call 'em hypocrites

'cause they don't teach the children sh-t, positive

like how a man should live

they only focus on the negative

so they're stuck in the ghetto

while you drive a car an' got a condo

it's all for the do'-do'

it's killin' your own people

profits greater than peneco

forget about what's equal

in this world of

scientifical madness

scientifical madness

my status is the baddest

scientifical madness

scientifical madness

my status is the baddest

artificially inseminated

white b-tches have babies

most black youth are incarcerated

in the ghetto babies havin' babies but no loot

so most pregnancies are terminated

warlocks keep their covenant

an' the souls of the ignorant ones empower it

it's transparent

you see uncle sam as your parent

when america has beef

you jump up to defend it

but you can still be a defendant

ask my co-defendant
an' we're both innocent
every black man in america faces imprisonment
ridicule an' torment

but in this tournament
the chosen few shall be triumphant
an' the devil will be decapitated
so you can keep your dockets
an' your dresses, i won't be emasculated
in this world of

scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest
scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest

JERU THE DAMAJA – NOT THA AVERAGE LYRICS

[verse 1:jeru the damaja]

i met this honey named yolanda
you would not believe the things that i told her
she had potential so i thought that i would mold her
(break it down son)
you would usually see me and her around town
she had this way that was so s#xy
everytime i think about it#makes me woozy
and her (?enem?) was just so nice and juicy
plus a mind that you would not believe
no tricks up her sleeve
so we dated, like janet jackson, we waited
a while and waited and waited
i started to wonder would i ever get in it
finally the invitation was extended
with that i said "mi casa es su casa"
meet me at my pad tomorrow#about six o'clock
no question#the next day, we kissin' and caressin'
before long, we starts to undress and
with that i pulls out my pack of hats
she looks me dead in the eye and says "what's that?"
i said "don't tell me you don't know what condoms is for"
she says "yeah, but the average n#gga'll love to hit it raw"
and i said

i'm not your average n#gga
no i'm not your average n#gga
you can't get me, i'm not your average n#gga

i'm not your average n#gga
girlfriend, i'm not your average n#gga
no, no i'm not your average n#gga

(yo ru! yo these honeys be on some sh#t for real. yo tell me about the
other honey you was kickin' it to)

[verse 2:jeru the damaja]

i met this honey named tamika
my intentions was more than just to freak her
since i'm gone i thought that i would teach her
(where'd you meet her at, black?)
at the tunnel so you know it didn't happen like that
i got her name and her number

i said "girlfriend, i just wonder
could you come home with me?" she said "uh#uh
but you got the digits#ring me up tomorrow and see where it leaves ya at
we started speakin'
we planned to hook up that next weekend
we discussed the place of our meeting
she said "come to my projects
sometimes n#gga be buggin, but i got mad respect"
so like a dummy, i went to scoop up this young honey
gassed up by the fat ass and flat tummy
but when i rolled up
it start to look just like a set#up
now i'm mad hot, but this time played it cool
recognized one n#gga i used to run with in high school
i said "you know tamika?" he said "yeah i know the wh0re"
got me to the elevator and led me to her door
when i rung the bell she was mad surprised
flung the door wide open with a wild look in her eyes
i said, yo

i'm not your average n#gga
you see, i'm not your average n#gga
you can't get me cuz i'm not your average n#gga

i'm not your average n#gga
girlfriend, i'm not your average n#gga
oh no, you know i'm not your average n#gga

(scratch#"chain n#gga"#scratch#"here you comin' but your steps are to loud
standing on the corner, thought him was cool"#scratch#"chain n#gga")

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]
i met this honey named sabrina
i thought that this time this one would be the queen of
my dreams, but you know how that goes
(god, i heard it before)
so let me tell you what happened one day i'm outside her door
and we're talking about how her ex#boyfriend be stalking
she said she thought she saw him when we were walking
i said "don't worry about it
put that sh#t on the side, and slide up in the crib"
so we're lampin', she's still shook up about what happened
i said "don't sweat it, he's probably just rappin'"
she said "little do you know
last week he threw a brick threw my bedroom window"

i said "whatever, i don't think he's that crazy"
she said "you never, know where he may be"
all of a sudden, out of nowhere
the crazy mothaf#cka jumped out on me
i made him melt with a blow to the head
and before i bounced, this is what i said
i said

yo i'm not your average n#gga
no, i'm not your average n#gga
you can't get me cuz i'm not your average n#gga

mista, i'm not your average n#gga
no, i'm not your average n#gga
oh no, you know, i'm not your average n#gga

JERU THE DAMAJA – ME OR THE PAPES LYRICS

party people in the place to be
from the same man who brought you da bichez
da bichez, da bichez, da bichez
we were misunderstood last time we brought you
ba bichez, da bichez, da bichez
now we gonna clear it up and let you make up your own mind like this

now a queen's a queen and a wh-r- is a wh-r-
she felt if she made me wait i'd have more respect for her
adore her eventually spendin' up my digits
she felt that love would make me buy her mad material sh-t

she likes to trick 'em, 'cause ain't nothin' like a sleepin' victim
east new york style stick 'em ha ha ha, stick 'em
top rated game but if it's game i played it
underestimated, swore the king was checkmated

she claims she loves my mind, 'cause i'm so intelligent
but f-ck my mental, she was scheming on my mint
evil intention, to deplenish the fund
she tried to juice me with the p-ssy 'cept for, the mask and gun

i was a fool to fall in l-st with this evil genius, she had me by the nuts
she ain't got sh-t but man she loves it plush
whippin' i whip, and suckin' up i canibus
back in the days, i woulda scr-ped her for this caper
but i realize, it wasn't me it was the paper

let me kick it, about the digits, that i've collected
long distance, and disconnected, it's gettin' hectic
before my record, they didn't show it
but now they throw it, hopin' that they'll get drunk off moet or cristal

but that's not my particular style and taste
my name ain't puff and i ain't got loot to waste
i ain't got time to waste, bad b-tches is all up in my face
crazy ignorant, sweatin' links minks and sh-t

cosmetic but deep down, derelict
fake players, never get out the projects
it's pathetic the way she bends for dividends
i tried to jewel her but she tried to get a drink at the end

of our conversation, i did not have the patience

slid off to the next asian
she said, "what you do?" i said, "what?"
she said, "you know your occupation?"

so i broke the f-ck out in nineteen-ninety-six that's what it's all about
but i won't go that route
back in the days biz said it was the vapors
but today, i realize that it's the papers

'cause ain't no fiends comin' in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper
'cause ain't no fiends comin' in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper
'cause ain't no fiends comin' in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper

now a wh-r's a wh-r-, find a queen and she'll be my earth
respect love and protect her, for all that it's worth
i admit i have flaws, i flips it first, but deep down
i wishes to give 'em the universe

a lot of the ones that i thought was right wasn't
i build with afu, he said, "don't sweat it 'cause
they come a dime a dozen"
like my ex-stunt, wanted a diamond

b-tches love power, while queens, love refinement
low stress environment, old age and retirement
never have to wonder where my money went
where my honey went, is her back gettin' twisted

by the next fella, always take heed to what i tell her
when i'm wrong, she lets me know i need correction
when i'm right she's my reflection still we, use protection
through thick and thin, thin and thick

she's my diamond in the rough not a wh-r- or a trick
great expectations, of me and she buildin' nation
everything we do and skyscr-pin'
back in the days, the devil used to rape her
nowadays, he got her chasin' the paper

'cause ain't no fiends comin' in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper
'cause ain't no fiends comin' in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper

'cause ain't no fiends comin' in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper
'cause ain't no fiends comin' in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper

JERU THE DAMAJA – HOW I'M LIVIN' LYRICS

i got a freaky freaky freak, give you a freak you turns em out
i put them hoes in a row and turn out queens no doubt
don't need a vest, but flow like bullets freely through shootouts
i be the real supernatural, so check it out
i was concieved in the center of an inferno
the ninth month i slipped out my mom's v-g-n-l
cavity, now i'm surrounded by creeps and freaks
had to watch my back in the new york streets
fly, like an aeroplane,
more powerful than the engine of an a train won't let it stress my brain
you know the fame that has men sold and bought
in a single bound, i let the criminal court
walk through the desert and don't perspire
touch the microphone, the whole joint catches afire
use the opportunity to call the devil a liar
and i won't stop flipping sh-t til i'm forced to retire
because...

...that's how i'm living

(chorus)

cuts:

"now you know, godd-mn"
"m-ss confusion n-gg-z losin by the minute tryin to win it"
"...and movin' on"

i can stroke all night and not bust a nut
swim through a sea of razorblades and not get cut
when i do my thing i aim for the gut
and despise those nasty guys that hit sh-t in the b-tt
blaze like spliffs even back in the days
when i bag sh-t up like trays, nowadays
i bag 'em up like dimes and not even the devil
can stop me cause it's matter under mind
i'm f-cking up your mind like a hallucinogen
(are you hot, lord?) i heat it up like halogen
burn mc's, their children, and their children's children
reverse polarity and make your girl's h-ll heaven
more intelligent than macguyver
quick to pull off on a stunt like an indy car driver
thoughts too intense, brainwaves cut like barbed wire
since run's a reverend, sucker mc's call me sire
push for my mental forces to crush your fortress
signals of the stress, your whole squad's put to death

bring your white superman
and i'll rip that f-cking s off his chest
cause that's just...

...how i'm living
(chorus)

i dedicate my life to taking snake heads
i break on the beats like scissors break on my dreads
instead of eating beasts and living savagely
i aspire to excell to the highest degree
of living, now how you living, like a turkey on thanksgiving
me? i keep it tight and lock it down like a virgin's pops
from crack rocks to suburban blocks i'm hot
don't forget or have you forgot that i'm a surgeon, ak-
bar, once outran a jaguar
slept in a lion's den and escaped without a scar
close my eyes and comence the star travel
fred flintstone's out a job because i turn hard rocks to gravel
babble, never, control the weather
like a few jams back, whatever's, clever
even the rudest of rude can't test because i'm protected
with the breastplate of righteousness
and that's just...

...how i'm living
(chorus)

JERU THE DAMAJA – TOO PERVERTED LYRICS

ain't nothin' worse than a wack mc
unfortunately that's all that surrounds me
so i come to crush the unstable structure
it's the return of the dopest brooklyn motherf-cker

to ever ignite the mic, get it right
mad respect, pimps, grab your hoes, punks, grab your checks
what's next, pure nonsense and the style ya flex
and you're so bl-dy p-ssy, you need a kotex

latex because they're drippin' v-g-n-l juices
so many so called gangsta n-gg-s and their booty producers
now watch the act that's vanishin'
gold and platinum but who gets the publishin'
not to rub it in, drop it in your box, now your dubbin'

my company f-cked up my projects momentum
but i'm still winnin' 'cause i'm a winner
came to the table with snakes they had snakes on they're plates
plus' n-gg-s on they're plates, they put figures in my plate

i took the loot unscathed 'cause i couldn't dine wit 'em
see 17, age 19 [incomprehensible]
on a podium, at this time you are rewinding'
and like solar and lunar, you're clockin', it's too perverted

it's too perverted, you heard it

so deep that it becomes fossilized
too many times i find my style between mc's inside
[incomprehensible] but they swallow their tongues like seizures
i pierce flesh and strike nerves like acupuncture

or acupressure, feel the wrath of my mathematics
kinetics, you need a local anesthetic
'cause your system has acquired an immune deficiency
overwhelmed by my telepathy, no sympathy

cursed [incomprehensible] but graceful like calligraphy
and [incomprehensible] like [incomprehensible] was not to mc
life givin', yet i'm still deadly
and before you step to me, remember it's too perverted

it's too perverted

it's too perverted, you heard it

it's too perverted

it's too perverted, you heard it

master rhymin' so i'm steadily climbin'

i rip through mics like when my d-ck strikes the hymen

total controller, some claim to be bolder

but they rotate around the lunar, i keep it solar, polar

who vibrates and radiates

thunder, lightning, earthquakes from north to south

east to west test the best get sprayed

drop jewels, burn papes, till my ride escapes

awkward flow to some it's even unorthodox

bone crushin', life threatnin' like the jaws of a crocodile

your hunny wishes to stay a while

and i told her she could stay, am i foul or just too perverted?

JERU THE DAMAJA – YA PLAYIN YASELF LYRICS

“yo, are you a pimp, a hustler?”

“no i’m not.”

“are you a man, and can you stand alone like a man has to sometimes?”

“yes i can.”

“are you willing, to go out there and save the lives of our children, even if it means losing your own life?”

“yes i am.”

“i believe you jeru, you’re ready.”

-you've no-no-nothing to worry about-

verse one:

now, i don’t push a lex

others had their turn to flex, jeru is up next

all these so called players up in the rap game

got brothers on the corner selling cooked cocaine

it used to be latoya and jim hats

but now it’s uzis, macs and g-packs of cracks

everybody’s psycho or some type of goodfellow

but me i keep it real that’s all swine like jello

don’t drink cristal, and i can’t stand mo

never received currency for moving a kilo

or an ounce, make em bounce to this fake-pimp free flow

i never knew hustlers confessed in stereo

or on video get caught you’ll know who turned state’s

evidence, murder weapon, confession and fingerprints

mama always said watch what comes out your mouth

tight case for the da from here to down south

knowledge wisdom understanding like king solomon’s wealth

you’re a player but only because you be playin yourself

chorus:

with all that big willie talk, hop, you’re playin yaself

with all that big gun talk, bop, you’re playin yaself

with all that rah rah rah, you’re playin yaself

you’re playin yaself, you’re playin yaself

with all that rah rah rah, you’re playin yaself

with all that big gun talk, bop, you’re playin yaself

with all that big willie talk, hop, you’re playin yaself

you’re playin yaself, you’re playin yaself

verse two:

now these ladies is lookin pretty from city to city

i refined a few i met, around the country
the nitty gritty, it's all reality, no question
actual fact like tight jeans cause yeast infections
and sisters with good minds get no respect when
their -ss is all hangin out, playin the bar section
of the club shake what your mama gave ya, back to the lab
i drop the truth, cause rhyming is more than just my craft
or a way to get -ss, or fast cash, or blasted
black women, make sure you're respected
when n-gg-z is kickin that old off the wall sh-t,
let em know from jump: "dead it", you're not ignorant
knowledge wisdom understanding is the key to wealth
put some clothes on that -ss if you respect yourself

chorus:

with those hooker type wears hon you're playin yaself
with those skin tight jeans baby you're playin yaself
everything all exposed you're playin yaself
you're playin yaself, you're playin yaself

everything all exposed you're playin yaself
with those skin tight jeans baby you're playin yaself
with those hooker type wears hon you're playin yaself
you're playin yaself, you're playin yaself

verse three:

now, i don't bust a tec,
bubble drugs in the projects, or use mics to sell s-x
n-gg-z, nowadays is all about this
so much ying yang, it's ridiculous
if you got so much cheese, where are the black distributors
and these record companies shake em down like mobsters
but imposters, like commercial locks are not rastas
always fakin moves, never makin moves
-sses shake, bottles pop, the government is breakin down you fools
you work all week and give the devil back his loot for jewels
and the steak on your plate is filled with chemicals
still, brothers leave brothers all battered and bruised
on the streets won't see snakes on my feet
the race is on, but i won't compete
in this compet-tion, because i have a greater mission
i hope that you listen
knowledge wisdom and understanding brings long life and health
think anything else and ya playin yaself

chorus:

so all that big willie talk, hop, you're playin yaself
and all those skin tight jeans, hon, you're playin yaself
and all that rah rah rah, you're playin yaself
you're playin yaself, you're playin yaself

and all those hooker type wears baby you're playin yaself
and all that big gun talk money you're playin yaself
everything all exposed you're playin yaself
you're playin yaself, you're playin yaself

-posdnous: "i don't play"-

JERU THE DAMAJA – INVASION LYRICS

police all on my d-ck like i shot somebody
'cause of these big -ss lips and i rock my locks knotty
life is getting hectic, tupac got shot in the nuts
you saw cops was corrupt when rodney king got f-cked up

with friends like these who needs enemies
constantly har-ssing, filling up my nuts like a klansman
sn-tching up a n-gg- for nuttin' i heard bad guys wear black
so i guess i'm the motherf-cking villain

under pressure, they got me under pressure
what's your name, your address and phone number?
your occupation come down to the station
there's been a robbery, they claim a n-gg- fit the description

it can't be so i slides out on 'em
in ninety-five you gotta catch a n-gg-, if you want him
one to three and five to ten
bullies in blue suits, son, with automatic weapons
i'm stressed, ready to blow up somethin'
the beast keep frontin', invasion

in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion

i was forced into a life of crime
career criminal, now my career is crime
my mind is in a f-cked up state
a brainwashed state is the black man's fate, in the ground
or locked down upstate

when i was young i used to shoot for the stars
but got shot down by demons in patrol cars
stars good cop, bad cop, stick up the crack spot
the ave won't get hot till one of their crew gets shot
ask, larry davis how much they took

cops and crooks but who's the crooks?
take a n-gg- to jail, make bail, guilty or innocent
the system gets ten percent, frontin' like you're doin' somethin'
but you ain't sayin' nothin', invasion

in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion
in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion

come up in my cipher best believe i'ma dip on that -ss
beast-boy, i'm professional heart of the ghetto raised
in the ways of thugs, dodgin' slugs, takin' slugs

driving stolen automobiles, skills fantastical
living life on the edge it's dramatic, mad drama
i'm a fanatic, adrenalin addict
getaway car, stick shift or automatic

where's my crew at? you got your crew scopin'
for a n-gg- up and down the ave, it makes me laugh
eat my nuts, eat my dust
i won't spend the night locked up or in handcuffs

'cuz in the concrete jungle, i got the right stuff
smooth operator, pilot and navigator
break out from oppression
my mission to escape, the invasion

in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion
in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion

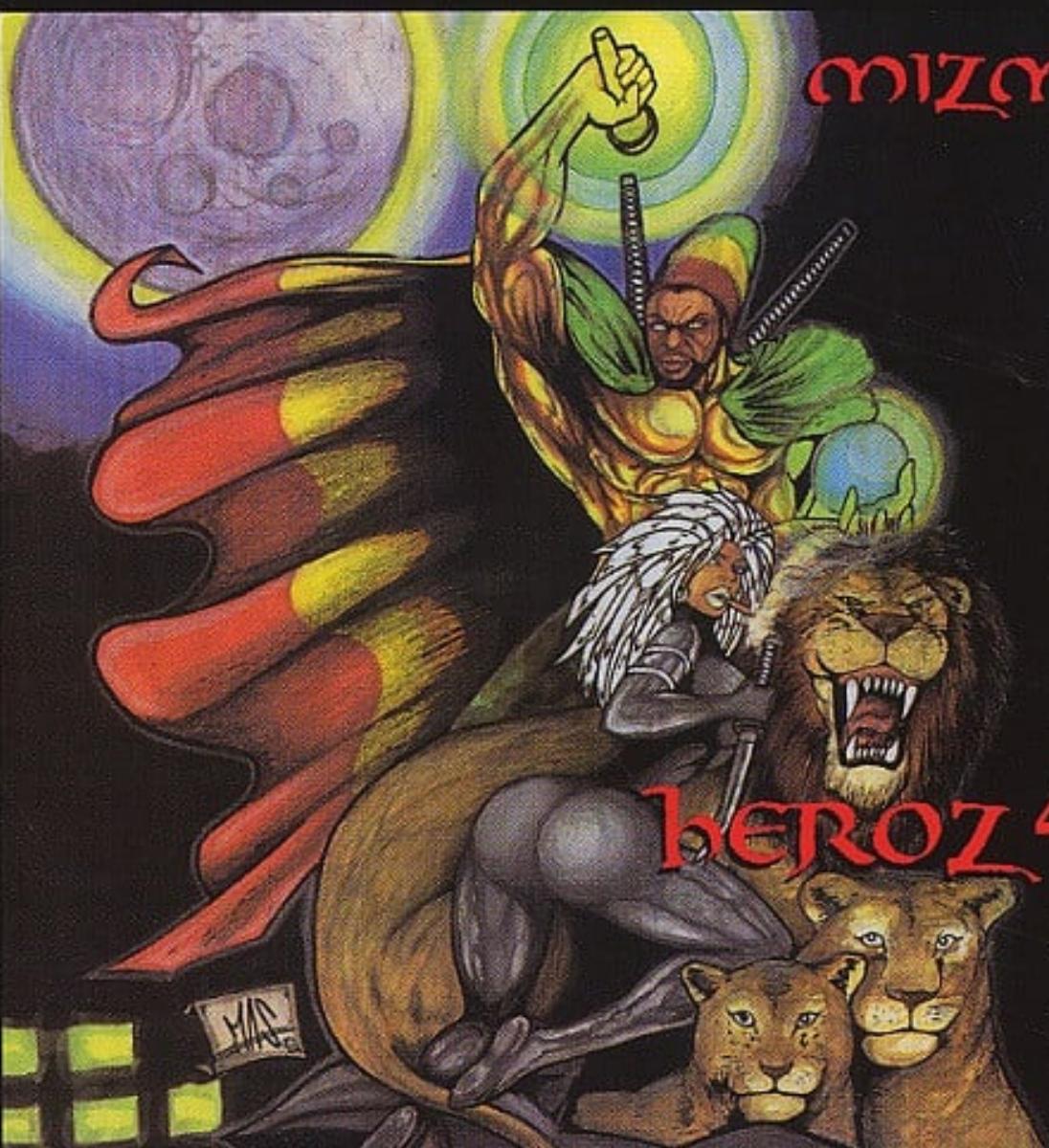


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JERU THE DAMAJA – GREAT SOLAR STANCE LYRICS

what n-gg-s deal, they last 24 i did in the first

before the doctor cleaned off the afterbirth

i kicked a verse, smoked a blunt, shooked the earth

smacked the physician, and f-cked the nurse
the truth hurts, like a sword in the hand of this expert

cuttin through your soul, like your best friend did your dirt

mental like physical blows destroy ego's

your style is babylonian, like d-cks in -ssholes

the drama unfolds, don't mean nothing up my nose
i can't stand snow, it only blows like nitro

blistering, my flows i'm splittin, so i hope you listening

super shoutout to all my n-gg-s in prison
shout to the pyramids, the cypher and scription
science fact not fiction, i cut with precision

speak multiplication, subration, addition

division, great solar stance burns compition

"this-this-this-this is the showdown"

i put you in the chicken wing like bob backlund,
jack ya team captain
bring drama like summer night, ghetto action

some honies got it twisted, fat -sses i mash 'em

cops like jewels, back in the days i sn-tch 'em
you catch a tantrem, date how the raws rockin the drum

float like the white lotus, kill like whitey in vietnam
you should peel arm, gorilla tactics like viacom

set sh-t on fire like a bomb, up in smoke like cheech & chong

true blacks too strong can't let nothin stand in my way
sh-t will get thick like juice 60 in friday

in brooklyn, kill mc's like captain hook your children

to rappers i'm a villain, fill esteem wan't my secret like samson
picture so hard, i stunt your grandson son

teleport from coast to coast like sp-ceghost

like soy b-tter on my breakfast toast

and when it comes to makin it nasty, i flips it the most

"this-this-this-this is the showdown"

"this-this-this-this is the showdown"

setting it off like pistols in the projects

the climax hold ya six like nasty hot wet s-x

but string tech i catch wreck, ejucalate when i inject

not a player hatter, regulator, trick n-gg-s get checked

when i resurrect hip hop, you know the bullsh-t stop
like you got the oo-wop, the pops and what nots

fruity like ed koch, ya straight boo-tops, i'm top notch
super funky like a derelict prost-tute prop

ya hear gun shots, the coroner shows up to take flicks

sh-t is feet, but no feet sh-t like chicks with d-cks

ya throat flip too quick, to blaze magnetic

paramedics roll up on the scene,

it's tragic, don't deal with magic

johson, renegade like charles bronson

packing a force like 18 bronzemen

grand larson, excelent marksmen arson

fire, water, earth, metal, wind

JERU THE DAMAJA – VERBAL BATTLE LYRICS

f/ miz marvel

intro: jeru the damaja

in the time when hip hop was strong

the supahuman klick ruled the land

bringin that futuristic hip hop, presently in time

the first lieutenant in arms of the supahuman klick

was the all mighty, all powerful, miz marvel

i think she can describe it how she does better

{miz marvel

thought i disappeared now that the smoke has cleared

i come from times with inabilities, face to face with fears

while shootin stars wishing that i can shift my gears

so i raise my gl-ss eye, i drink to that, say cheers
and let the fire water wash away the tears, burn like salt

on open wounds, thoughts consume all consitions

give birth to these rhymes like an oral c-section

uhh, positive connection throughout the galaxy

time to switch to reality, make proper arrangements

for the souls of fatalities

it's the same for n-gg-s that stuck with that slave mentality

or these wack -ss rappers, they got no originality

but my mentality, helps me travel around the galaxy

time gets shorter, i'm on the water, run insanity

it seems like everyone was after me

three's a nasty girl like vanity

make n-gg-s wild, i smoke la, anything to keep my sanity

ain't got no friends, everyone with me is family

if they standing next to me, nothing's what it seems to be

sending energy, when i rhyme, but no time for idol questions
if freestyling is my bible, when i fall in hip hop sessions

of the tribal blessings, lessons to be learned

respect had to be earned and not given

on the fourth of them but not amongst the men that living
guy collides, when selfish minds can't asked to be forgiven

ain't no turning back the hands of time,

when past spirits have risen

{scratching

black, black, black

verbal, power, verbal, power

{miz marvel

power of the moon and the force of a sonic boom

help me heel like battle wounds, to that sh-t i'm immune
we come thru like the first platoon, into smoke filled rooms

into it seems like magic mushrooms, from the womb to the tomb

i got a meetin in the ladies room, i be back real soon

o-o-oh o-o-o-oh

to strike the deathblow, continue with a never ending flow
and all pro, precise position, like a crossbow

friend or foe, gas heads go from c.e.o. to skid row
see the toxic green flow, it's poison waters overflow

paint a mental picture, lyrical michaelangelo

words pierced with the sting of a scorpio
beats mad bong, to collapse the walls of jericho

overflow and explore, i hope you got your blunts rolled

'cause this is the same, no matter which zip code

my minds pro, b-tches is robbed,

suckin the diamonds out your ear lobe

i keep it tracked like a barcode of illuminati

and fight these devils back with the code of hammurabi

{more scratching

{miz marvel

i strike with magnum force, send you on a collision course

with no remorse, i tap the source and knock you off ya high horse

while beats and rhymes have intercourse to reproduce their first born
never sworn not to make the same mistakes as there parents

written on there face, time worn sharpen then a poison desert storm

step on first month capricorn, quiet storm

jeans and boots my everyday uniform

elegants ruffness and inocence, if ever given a form

h-ll have a fury like a women's scorn

my n-gg-s strife to perform, i struggle to break the norm

give me any platform and i perform lyrical quiet storms

i make it hot, you keep it luke warm

from hotels to college dorms, keep these n-gg-s souls torned

{more scratching

lot of other people, other groups aware of these consciousness

virtually impossible to defend against (repeated over and over)

JERU THE DAMAJA – BITCHEZ WIT DIKZ LYRICS

[intro: jeru the damaja]

yes yes

check it out right here now, know what i mean?

henryville, the m-th-f-ckin b-tchez wit dikz

that's in the midst

of the real brothers whose the true wonders

knowhatimsayin? talkin all that sh-t about this and this and that

but fakin sh-t, i'mma drop it like this

[verse 1: jeru]

bad b-tches and techs, and sound affects

talk but skate like tara lipinski, when sh-t get hec-tic

out in brooklyn, too late you's a vick

and if spend major dough on a hoe, you a b-tch -ss trick

pimps and players, no i'm not a hater

cuz i smashed it off, she bust me down i ain't pay her

shoutin youse a regulator

soft like c3po, but pop sh-t like darth vader

for princess leia, with flesh hard like sh-ggy

your booty, when sh-t get raw you doo like scooby

i'm sn-tching chains, mics and those platinum groupies

and let it be known, i eat ya'll p-ssies like a p-rno movie

dutches, chins, and hips get twist

drop that b-tch with a d-ck, and get a n-gga like this

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

[verse 2: lil dap]

you n-ggas are like east new york waste, spit in your face

open your mouth, swallow the taste, listen to the pace

it's like showin the love, the same thing as pullin the club

spit it out, ya hoes know what this sh-t is about

b-tchez wit d-cks, and make a n-gga mad as sh-t
cough the cough, when singing thru the streets of new york
holdin it down, but wavin my banner all around
cuz these whole motherf-ckers, wanna round are town
thinkin they down, but dont know bk grounds
-b-tch!-

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]
you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-
you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)
when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-

[verse 3: miz marvel]
the next contestant left to be a secret lethal weapon
against half steppin, n-ggas is fake
i scope them first impression
take the mics possession, with the greatest discretion
and quick wit, fully equipped, mental lie detection
ya eyes cross like an intersection
you forget to count your blessings, all in the mix
sold your soul for it's weight in gold bricks
b-tchez wit dikz, with chips like chicks
only talk with snares and t-ts
in the time of revolution, be the first to submit
try to be god, but there mental seem unfit
speakin mathematics, but quick to kiss a crucifix
won't admit that their style is rip and counterfeited
contradict, sell their men to bang their fit, a moving target
thrown into the bottomless pit, b-tchez wit dikz

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]
you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-
you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

JERU THE DAMAJA – SEINFELD LYRICS

ham hops, crack rocks, ooo-wops, cell blocks

biscuits, gravy, smothered pork chops

big diamond bracelets, mad lootin drug spots
high speed chases, robbiries, crooked cops

b-tches with fat -sses, no brain and drop top
guess who's pregnant, so and so got shot

benzes, blue and green contact lenses

ya money, ya car and how live you and your mens is
knowin who your friends is, millionaire dollar shoppin benjeses

ya money how much them timbs is

in my roll, f-ckin sh-t raw, gettin driz-niz

me and ya dip, in the cut, blazin a bliz, she suckin my diz-nick

cope p'los and heron bricks
so many girls in this world, which one should i pick?

sh-t is gettin thick, you better move quick

rappers is mad gangsters, applying pressure like the heimlich

dime chicks, that i love to stick lick

murderers, thieves, hustlers, pimps and tricks

chorus 6x

lalalalalalalalalala

rolex, fat checks, while s-x in tecks

bad ho's, corresing my chest, sippin the beck's

burning l's in your projects, what's next

it's the first of the month, go get those welfare checks
crazy connects, pushing a lex, suckin on br-sts

sleep all day, all night, f-ck and duck the tech

dibs, the one's that quickest to draws, the one that lives

makin moves like a chess wiz, gotta feed my eight kids
my n-gg-s in the ghetto, know what time it is

i need deep and p-ssy pampers, cribs and bibs

day to day, is how a n-gg- lives

nothing's what a n-gg- is

so he ends up in pri-

zon, i think ya p-ssy so go get ya son
tough -ss rappers, crazy talk no action

got freaky stunts, bring some

makin all queens in my kingdom

eighty n-gg-s can't get a crumb

dizzy broads with dope bodies, a dime a dozen

bottom line the p-ssy bangin, it'll make me c-m

chorus 6x

jagaurs, strip bars, ghetto supastar

me and ya p-ssy out on the road, whippin ya car

i'm takin off her bra, she gettin bucked baby pa

look new, but true, f-ck like a pro likes action

no camera, co reck it and leave a scar

n-gg-s is fake and rough, but sleep like spar

to cuss, bust, dutch us and bringin the ruckus
money makin brothers wanna fight and fuss

cruisin out my flesh light, plus make playas look ridiculous
trying hard, but can't stop the b-mrush

sun trust, all the temples i crush, ya must back up
spontaneous combustion

forty five freaks inside my dungeon

when i get paid i want it in alumson

lick a shot and cause pandemonium

crazy n-gg-s in jail or the insane asylum

brooklyn brooklyn is where i'm from

three minutes and some change and i still ain't say none

chorus 6x

JERU THE DAMAJA – RENAGADE SLAVE LYRICS

too escape the devil's jaws & prepare for the final wars
so when we strike, it's multiple wounds like boss mind thoughts
to breakin these laws, i'm thinkin because i tap jaws
burn down broncos and teach ya wh-r-s to fight for the cause
the beast roars, i don't drink, i'm takin heads like the moors
i keep it, jungle naughty, ya put a razor to yours
that's crazy fake like house n-gg-s rockin bikini drawers
in a pituat force, puttin bombs at devil's doors
black diamond, the numerous flaws, blood pours
doin it, feel n-gg- style, for dreams that died on prison floors
liberate, carnivores that dine on walls
and i be fighting even after i reach african sh-r-s

the renegade slave

weak lions, surrender their crowns, avoid the battle ground
i storm the plantation, take masa head and burn his house down
home bound, pitch black, don't make a sound
renegade slave flippin, fire a rip thru your town
satin heart pound, whose to smile, now we frown
how slaves run around like clowns holding whitey down
no more whippin and riggin, i'm shootin plansmen, hit the ground
so much blood on the seed, no's left, face down drown
listen, close, cuz the meaning is profound
the beats is on my hills, i boogie like james brown
keep a low pro, communicate underground
cuz no devil alive can scan my sound

the renegade slave

smarter then frederick douglas, and wilder then ike turner
my will to be free, in your eyes makes me a murderer
creepin late night like a burglar, study his literature
when the kings rise again, bells of bob knows the procedure
uncle tom, shot on the spot, we don't need ya
i know who i am, a warrior like kunta
but not running away, runnin demons into the caves
beware, beware, beware, the renegade slave
hittin 'em from every angle, devil's we strangle
and intangle in the web, when we rise again
the renegade slave's are comin

[outro]

that's right, you know me
don't act like you don't, you see me
you know where i'm at, you see when i'm comin
but you really don't know, you think you do
you never will, but i'm always here
and i will rise again, you can't hold me down
you can't do it, i won't allow it to happen
my will is too strong, i can't be broken
it's the renegade slave
it's the renegade slave
it's the renegade slave

JERU THE DAMAJA – PRESHA LYRICS

intro:

this goes out to all my young brothers and sisters
hold ya head, things ain't always what they seem

i'm about to give you a dose of reality
real deal

{jeru the damaja

nowaways, records are played and superstars are made

still mothers in the ghetto, rent don't get payed
as a result, bullets are sprayed and their sons are laid

it's no myth, in ghetto life, if you don't fight you fade

surviving in the streets, not a task for ordinary men

growing up in the hood, young black and supahuman

caught up in the game of blocks and cops run your block

intercourse with witches and hunted by warlocks
for props, boos-hoot pop, another brother drops

he barely knew his pops,

now his little seed will barely know his pops
tunnel vision like a cyclops

i give you x-ray vision with these supahuman eyedrops

my n-gg-s in the ghetto, give it everything you got

'cause until we reach the top, can't stop and won't stop

chorus 2x:

can you feel?
the presha, the the the presha

hand over

the presha, the the the presha

{jeru the damaja

journalists write articles 'cause they can't write rhymes
ever since i was a youth i dealt in crime
now i'm trying to reach the youth, to preserve what's left
there's a fork in the road, choose life or death
there's too much stress, too many bullets for your vest
temptress, suck ya best, exotic strains of syphillis
the rest, rest in the earth, only the best progress
it's you who think i see commercial success
warning, this sh-t is real, this is not a test
and what i express worth more than a lexus
serve it like baby food, still hard to digest
long -ss n-gg-s is mental slaves, i gotta protest
chorus 2x
{jeru the damaja
baby in the crib, and dad got no loot for food
so he do what he got to do
keep it real, i don't playa hate ya
god my divine nature,
sent at this time to stabilize the structure
we should all live like wise kings,
now sing praise to the gutter
the blazed double x, concelead like a box cutter
brothers should be teaching, not murdering one another
word, to the mother land, kill the other man
lord of the concrete jungle, and tarzan was a black man
swingin on vines vibin, been balancin the eco system
and since there's no more n-gg-s in the ghetto, here i am

chorus 4x

(you got to deal with-instead of hand over)

meanwhile, back at supahuman klik headquarters...

JERU THE DAMAJA – ANOTHA VICTIM LYRICS

f/ miz marvel

{miz marvel

it's the sinister sister, leave mics so hot make hands blister

try to catch me but all you heard was "d-mn you just missed her"

daily means and whereabouts, more secret than a whisper

cut sharper than a scissor, lookin for the love elixir

like most listeners, let them know it's all in they reach

spittin my verbal attack with the impeccable speech

how bout n-gg-s, gotta keep your dog on a short leesh

got 'head speak, if not they try to play us like suckas

the most commitment, wanted non commitment givin mothaf-ckas

but one look in his eyes and i can tell they whole story

not sayin that all men fall in this category

lookin for a friend or wife for late nate creep if he's h-rny

if he's sincere, got g, or pick up lines that corny

tryin to say that he adore me, when he don't even know me

that type of weak game will leave a n-gg-, poor broke & lonely

willin to go and stick anything that let's em stick 'em

'cause thru all that bullsh-t, he's lookin for anotha victim

chorus 2x: jeru the damaja

brrr, stick 'em, hahaha stick 'em

brrr, brrr, stick 'em, hahaha, stick 'em

brrr, stick 'em, hahaha stick 'em

hahahahahaha

{miz marvel

perfect example, it was like monday the 10th
late afternoon, just on my king and it was time well spent

in any event, this n-gg-s eyein me, it's evident

try hard to cement, to ignore his twisted compliments

he seem h-ll bent for my time, a hundred percent
asked to come to sit at my table, if i was the age of contended

and no why he would put himself thru such torment

and despite the corny line, you could see the extent

that he would go, said he'd pay my rent, dress me and give me dough

follow by cants and comments bout my bodies measurements
i said "i don't drink moet, take loot to get bent

or use n-gg-s to pay rent, i'm independent"

his response that "you heaven sent

but i haven't met a chick that ain't have a price yet"
i said "well, i must be a different type of female

while b-tches waitin to exhale, i plot schemes to black male

talkin bout, you wash your car, who you knew and your wealth"

a new expirement, thinkin this n-gg-s playin himself

with just his arogance, not to exclude his rude att-tude

how he pursued, relentless references to seein me nude

the wrong move, this jiggy n-gg- really thinks he's smooth

like he got somethin to prove, and i got nothin to lose
i know his style, never ran into a femme fatale

like you hearin right now, comin thru ya ear c-n-l
i smile politely, so as not to blow my cover

carryin on conversation, knowin that i'm on some other sh-t

should have stopped when he had the chance to quit
talkin about his income, and how bout he wanna get some

next time we meet, he'll just be the next victim

chorus

{miz marvel

like my girl nina, bangin body and she was cute
but she'd only f-ck with n-gg-s if they had mad loot

plenty ice, nice ride, but she'd always have to drive
trying to compesate the sh-t, that as a youth she was deprived

she survived, only to end up to being 85

talkin bout i played that n-gg-, keep it real baby...

JERU THE DAMAJA – BILLIE JEAN (SAFE SEX) LYRICS

yo, yo, yo
imma bout to tell you about the time i ran 'nto billy jean
shorty that michael jackson sung about on his joint
yo, she was a crazy freak, but she used to be buggin out 'n all that
you know what i mean? im about to drop it on you
and this story is a hundred percent true, word to bill clintons mother
s-xy and brown i met her downtown
i said hey lady your (wicked, lickin')body drives the average n-gg- crazy
im jeru, love, she said her name was billy
i continued your(minds exact)girl you could have my baby
she could have played me but smiled and replied
"behave g, i like your style now hey so maybe you can
get to know me and this mac mac son is physical attraction,
i know you have a woman
my mans michael jackson" i think shes asking
she could tell by my reaction, a few seconds past
we both bust out laughing, not saying, im all that
or a p-i-m-p, still that magnetic

JERU THE DAMAJA – BLAK LUV LYRICS

(laughter)

-scratching-

-down the world is...-

{jeru the damaja

this is to my brothers and sisters in the ghetto
avoid jail legend, fingerprints on full metal
jackets like design, so that you can't hack it
but you musn't get caught up in these devilish tactics
never let the man pull ya string like geppetto
the game's the same, boricua or moreno
don't watch ya step and you be like, mi amigo
forenzics made the maps, so now he's on death row
yo what's the steelo, real brothers do it on the d-low
knowing's have the battle, so now you know
to be on point, 'cause anybody can be a casualty
some brothers lost there life, f-kin with o.p.p.
um robbery and p.c.p.

from the cradle to the state penitentiary

he'll be in the middle of next century

ask me, is it crying sakne

you got to watch how you flow and you will grow

if not you get tripped up in the ghetto

chorus 2x

this is for the youth blak luv

this is for the ghetto, blak luv, blak luv

{jeru the damaja

this is to my brothers and sisters in the ghetto

sellin yae yo, playin c-lo, duckin po-po

some brothers got murdered over a kilo

5-0 ask questions, but n-body know

what's the m.o., another brother trying to get dough

be careful how you live, 'cause that's how you go

wild like rambo, get shot down by the commando

call your co-defendent sing like d'angelo

no problemo, but upstate you sing soprano

police sadimize, a man at the 7-0

be careful where you go yo, and just in case you ain't know

i flow, to liberate the ghetto

chorus 4x

{jeru the damaja

this is to my brothers and sisters in the ghetto

trying to be like pablo, deniro, al pacino
you be all right until you run up on columbo
get caught red handed, so you got to go
you lose the crib, the car, the women and the dough
this can't be happenin so you like "oh no"
so avoid this fate, and absorb the conscious flow
this is not a demo, strictly for the ghetto
not the limo, work for the pimp, hustler and the ho
and i'm gonna let you know
whether you as black as jack or brown as nino
from the ghetto
blak luv, is what we need to flow
chorus 4x
outro:
peace
(laughter)
ugh!
ugh! ugh!
ugh!
ugh! ugh!
ugh!
ugh! ugh!
(laughter)
ugh!
ugh! ugh!
ugh!
(laughter)
fade...

JERU THE DAMAJA – WHAT A DAY LYRICS

one day about six 'o clock i'm woke up
by the sound of my buzzer and a car or a truck
screechin' off so i jump up scratch my nuts
but when i'm like "who's that?" n-body speaks up
so i go to the door there's a note it says:
"we have hip hop hostage with guns to his throat
do the right thing and we might let him go
but if you call the police that's all she wrote
you know what the motive is it's all about dough
and in case ya think we bullsh-ttin' here's the photo."
i couldn't recognize the clows because they was all hooded down
but i peeped foxy brown sippin' cristal in the background
with fake alligator boots on
and smack dab in the middle was hip-hop with a versace suit on
i immediately called primo
i said "hip-hop is in trouble, meet me at my rest on the double
don't even jump in the shower, matta'fact scratch my rest
meet me and d & d in an half an hour
and bring all ya sh-t wit' you 'cause you know what we got to do."
yo afu! (wh-ssup?) lets jet-son like elroy
if i recall correctly i last saw hip-hop down at bad boy
we'll see if puff knows wh-ssup
'cause he's the one gettin' him drunk and f-ckin' his mind up
we go to the office, he's nowhere to be found
so we sn-tch up jay black and beat his b-tch -ss down
"now where's hip-hop?!" "aaight, aaight..." he confessed:
"suge came and took him from puff last night,
he said he'd give him up if a real n-gg- came to retrieve 'em..."
so we went to l.a. later that evenin'
when we got there, everything was aaight
and we brought hip-hop back home that night.
one day...

JERU THE DAMAJA – MIZ MARVEL LYRICS

000 intro/chorus

001 come on, come on

002 come on, come on

003 come on, come on

004 come on, all the way

005

006 {miz marvel}

007 the first verse, perfect design conquest your desert thirst

008 highly blessed, can't receipt the evil luers curse

009 from the mansion to the slums, where the evil luers lurk

010 my life's work, want it so bad it hurts

011 i see three of a side, like nipples thru at church

012 mic experts, manipulate out thru the universe

013 b-tches wit d-cks, reveal how n-gg-s livin in skirts

014 perverts, i put to death and throw to h-ll head first

015 my word is plated gold, isn't equal the work

016 mental birth can show signs of movin heaven and earth

017 never deal or take car, wear your heart in your dirt

018 rhymes baptised in fire and never been burnt

019

020 chorus

021

022 {miz marvel}

023 as i flex, on the set we ghetto intellect

024 my minds def, twice that of an all time vet

025 quietest cat, rock around with no concept

026 hit the l start choking and sleep with one eye open

027 you can try me, until i can get under your skin like poison ivy

028 words invincible, hit it strictly for the pledgin princ-p-l

029 continual, pen is like my sword i feel the armor

030 hypnotic melodies, never gympsy steak charmer

031 hearts is eye, blaze a stronger than a marijuana

033 my persona, change your heart to ghetto primadonnas

034 with maddic overdose like that guy from nirvana

035 time was cut short, like a fair weather friend

036 but if they gone, then i don't need them

037 can i get an amen

038

039 chorus 2x

040

041 {miz marvel}

042 cast a spell, on all non believing inphadeles
043 hero4hire, exclusive list the clientele
044 make your head swell, legal spinning like a carosel
045 sweet as caramel, transform into miz marvel
046 queen lady of the supahaman klik cartel
047 if i need a bonecrusher, call up on the sun toucher
048 in camouflage, gone just like a desert mirage
049 try to escape the fate, safe in proper sabotage
050 lyrical m-ssage, sounded like comitcally shape
051 my verbal swordplay, bounces off the walls like ricochets
052 compete, with the style that you know your couldn't beat
053 and i call you n-gg-s p-ssy, 'cause you are what you eat
054 complete the cypher, communicate thru words unspoken
055 my mission ain't complete, let the circle be unbroken
056
057 chorus 2x

JERU THE DAMAJA – 99.9 PA CENT LYRICS

you wanna front what??jump up and get bucked

the original, dirty rotten's f-ckin sh-t up
empty your clip of lyrics, in your chest and gut

all punks play the floor, it's raw and hardcore

hotter than a meteor, scorching ego's

fake ho, gangsters and super heroes

cops pull me over like you under arrest

some n-gg-s i know act like b-tches without breast

d-ck riders, i hope you got your latex

'cause flesh gets burnt up during the pro s-x

the arrest echoes through your project
met billie jean, had safe s-x
some mc's get caught up in the vortex

mixing crack with s-x, so they sold for fat checks

listen to the words i manifest, the moment of truth have cats stressed

everytime you in the east, they sn-tch the chain off your chest

actin like you want some, but wan't none

quick to make your finger like a gun, but f-ggots

never bust none

chorus: repeat 4x

99.9 pa cent of these n-gg-s ain't sh-t

and most of these n-gg-s suck d-ck

>

amateuristic martial arts is the number one cause of injury
biters try to imulate my outcomy, you poisoned by the chemistry
99.9 pa cent of these n-gg-s suck d-ck in the industry

swords in my back, all for the benjies

i'm screamin off key, another body?no i'm back in 3d

plus i can take the weight, i make the earth rotate

d-ck riders suply the gas, watch n-gg-s head inflate

wantin respect, bust suspect hit the deck

this ain't just talk, brooklyn east new york is on the set

friendship vs. b.i. i keep my thoughts,

laser sharp jagged edges bust your third eye

vessel of the most high, bullsh-t, they demand you supply

but don't get caught the same n-gg-'ll testify

switch like a b-tch, you not from east new york

youse a motherf-ckin snitch

chorus

>

hip-hop, jim kelly, leave the mic dead and smelly

freak show, flows and hoes back at the telly

not your average n-gg-, gets more nasty than dirk diggler

i'm back like the night, swoopin down on the riddler

fake thugs talk tough, but he's off the trigger

so shook ya shiver, poison verbs like alcohol destroy ya liver

cannibals bitin my d-ck, i need a tetnus shot

make ya volcanic hot, n-gg-s got problems like sir smoke-a-lot

i'm the original, in cause your forgot, when it comes to war

i get raw, add another mic to the one's i rip

shootin the gift, when the east is in the house

you should come equipped

chorus

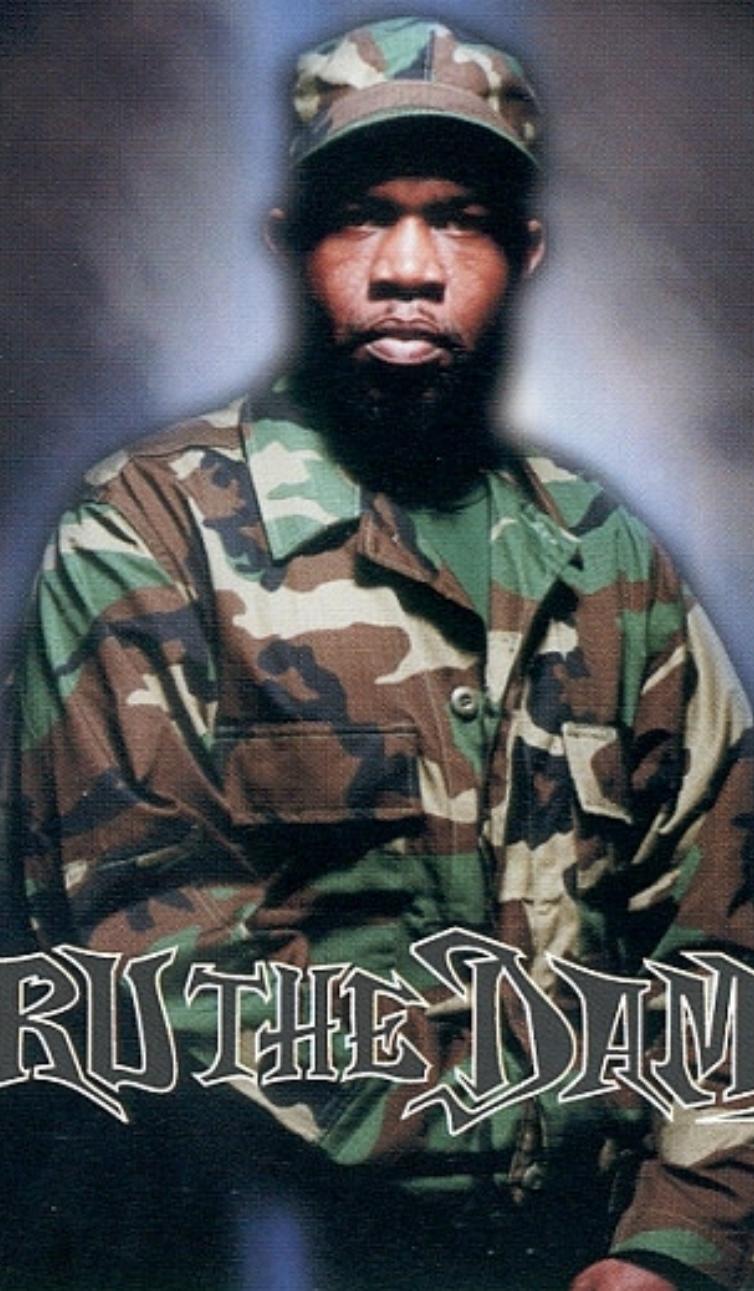
>

word up, peace i'm out

the original dirty rotten scoundrel

DIVINE

DESIGN



JERU THE DAMAJA

JERU THE DAMAJA – LOGICAL LYRICS

[verse 1:jeru the damaja]

i shine the father's light to liberate poor blacks
some people lying to themselves, i deal in actual facts
press too hard and you will get smacked, this is more than just talk
i procede to produce beats, knock your tooth loose
seeing is believing, dog, here's the proof
i chef this up in the lab and a makeshift sample
back up against the wall, and still fighting
when i thought it was no rhymes left to write, i kept writing
saw my brothers in south africa, they were inspiring
and if at first you don't succede, then keep trying
world tours, keep me counting my blessings
snakes in my circ-mference, help me learn from life lessons
had to -n-lyze the wire, just his greatest question
and even when you think a brother's down, i'm steadily pressing
keep banging out those studio session
and when they think they know my next move, i keep 'em quessing
it's only logical

-logical- – scratched up

[verse 2:jeru the damaja]

explosive verses blow ya mind like a terrorist
bust a verbal shot in the crowd, the pro activist
used to smoke that ganja but it left me listless
this is off the subject, but rhyme too hard, you just might break ya neck
don't know what's popping, dog, i'm still in effect
and the moves that i make, help me finance my own project
the road gets rough but i'm still climbing
and, even on the cloudiest days, i'm still shining
like coal one day he can become a precious diamond
the pressures of the world, refine the souls of some men
others let they being, become filled with hate
and they take it to the grave of the pen, my ball point right
trying to decipher the lies from the truth
everybody claim they got the proof
everybody claim they got the juice
everybody know the formula, but if you follow
will you win or lose? it's only logical

-logical- – scratched up

[verse 3:jeru the damaja]

the jewels i drop hit like dope in ya fiends
although it's dope, it's not the dope you smoke like crack cocaine
still my product can drive you insane
and on that same note, i flip the mic like drugs
the game's like fiends that cutthroat
knowledge wisdom understanding is the gun that i tote
when the waters get stormy i'm sure to stay afloat
is this brother for real, the answer is true indeed
i move a mountain with a mustard seed
you do the research, smack a sucka with the truth
because we know the truth hurts
and you can talk all you want, but you judge by ya words
not exploiting no freaks, but i'm constantly pimping
the system, making a k!lling like o.j. simpson
all that gangsta talking rap to me is quite comical
real recognize real, dog, it's only logical

JERU THE DAMAJA – TRUE SKILLZ LYRICS

[intro]

check it out x2
got jeru the damaja in the house
got my man sabor on the beat we're about to represent for the underground
letting you know how we m-ss murder mic some bash up boats
about put it down with true sk!llz
letting y'all clowns what time it is and it goes like this

[verse 1]

into the original, ex-criminal
i used to flippin' -n-log but now i'm strictly digital
2003 movements are pivotal
split backs like atoms apply pressure till m-ss is critcal
cast talkin' smacked i chopped him in two
get it, got it, spit it, hot sh-tted, forget about it
don't bolos, at amateurs and pros, p-ss time, converting holes
put 'em in seizing chokeholds before it
slipped my mind shout out to all my bros
you can encount them i tie-rip
don't know your fingers and toes, mad!!
flow it shows like swiftness in combos
murder mcs by the rules and props we got those, so
days that are we got robbed no through ocho
i was at the day that i f-ck sh-t up then they sink oh!
and the things changed but the weather you can ask arrow
'queur don't vent lightnings pulse him and her, you know my m.o

[hook]

true sk!llz x2

[verse 2]

if i was cold hearted i'd have b-tches on a strip
even though i'm not pimpin' i shoot my game like a pimp
i go to war like scarface i get around like 2 pac
real gangstas don't talk about glocks, they bust shots
i got two things for these reeks that's a truth and a long c-ck
i'm the only rapper that you ever see in your block, i'm god
like old cyrus, the touch of king midas
if i beat shawty i'm beggin' just in case she got the variables

coz you can't trust a big-b-tt and a grin
think you mackin' but if you spent dawg that's trickin'
i never l!ck it even if it's finger l!ckin'
i've got more sold than color green so pokin' grease, fried chicken
you know it's stereo p-wn representin' brooklyn so dope wifey had to throw me in
we have like samuel jackson on the realer realer i'm just kiddin'
but when it's come to doin' my thing you know how i'm livin'

[bridge]

everybody wanna rock the mic but if you really wanna be a mc show your true sk!llz x4

[verse 3]

hypnotic the hip-hop narcotic i keep it organic other mcs're robotic
fouls that add pauses display lack of logic
nutritions flows get life to the mic like amniotic
water cook sh-t up like a short-order, origami chef
i touched the mic and choke it to death
launching everyday it'll weak like hugh hef, ner
black super hero like the black panther
keep my rhymes shunt like states when i chase vampire
flip you through till' you blue in the face like big fat liar
years from now i just be getting higher
if you put it on your blast ain't no gas i set that -ss on fire
from brooklyn to east new york the rocket shows
there is something that i think you should know

[hook]

JERU THE DAMAJA – WAR LYRICS

[speech]

"we hold these truths to be self evident
that all men are created equal
and endowed by their creator
with certain inalienable rights
and when these rights are destroyed over long periods of time
it is your duutyy to destroy, demolish its venom"

(applause)

[verse 1:jeru]

war, my sk!lls is this spelled backwards
i perform for the white kids but do this for the black kids
to get this ill takes practice i'm takin' over
the industry with ghetto verbal and tactics
hard times build muscle like lactic acid
some entertainers losin' they minds
makin' p-rns p-ssin' on kids
the streets is ill save the theatrics
i still treat a b-tch like a b-tch
while y'all n-ggas is doin' backflips
i can't trip i guess it's part of the game
like ja-rule bitin' my name
like mj glowin' up in flames
like chickens suckin' d-ck for fame
as things change i remain the same
tryin' to keep sane
while many strugglin' to maintain
the stress of ghetto livin' can bust ya brain
it seems the road is paved with less joy than pain
i wanna regress but i refrain
if i don't i rage war
right here in the streets of new york
some talk the talk, but don't walk the walk
like muslims at the corner store sellin' pork
my little brother still outlined in chalk
they went from forties to the champagne court
videos and true lies makin' all the birds squalk
little girls b-tt naked so the president's stalk
my man say he was god holdin' the devil's pitchfork
that's why i'm throwin' rhymes like geronimo's tomahawk

[verse 2:jeru]

war, many shout it but don't wanna see it

i stay low and lay b00bytraps like the cong in viet..nam
loud talkin' and stares can't do me harm
know some n-ggas wanna stop it i'm still droppin' the bomb
sh-t is death like tennessaucee ring the alarm (ring the alarm)
it's still a mystery to you like the 82nd psalm
some fight 'til the end some sell out like uncle tom
so much contempt others that's flow with they jelly like napalm
war, is more than hand to hand and firearms
it's only won when the mind is calm
so i study sun-tzu and stopped smokin' chron'
in my left hand riches, long life in my right palm

[fragment of a movie]

JERU THE DAMAJA – RASTA POWERS LYRICS

[verse 1]

knowledge i drop it
try hard you can't stop it
"who you is?"
rasta powers
i run with the prophet
super solar strength plus high intelligence
i dedicate my life to hunting down ignorance
i'll never call him mister
kidnapped his b-tch sisters
seduction and l-st
force fed 'em jewels now they roll with us
ashes to ashes and dust to dust
i won't stop until this devil evil empire is crushed
rich men i annihilate 'em
and escape with no abrasions
i did not kneel but could not steel to temptation
so now i'm hated by the family
took the head of his brother pain and toruted his cousin agony
k!lled his wife spite and burnt up his baby
their demise was a thrill
each k!ll got more fun to me
i know tha prophet thinks i'm going crazy
live by it die by it
can't a d-mn thing stop me

i'm rasta powers

[chorus]

can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman

[verse 2]

i k!ll the lowman on the totem pole up to the high commander
i fight for truth and right
and could care less about a bystander
old ladies and babies get hit in cross fire
like when i gunned down desire
and [?] the empire
she said she heard i was a gun for hire
i didn't know her
so i checked her for weapons and wires
something's wrong

still i let her go on
she said she wanted someone gone
ignorance and he's down at hoyt and schermerh-rn
in tha building by tha train station
my 7th sense went buckwild when i heard the location
she hasn't noticed i had come to the realization
it was a setup
so i pulled out my joint and shot the b-tch up
i'm rasta powers
[chorus]
can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
[verse 3]
ignorance is cunnin'
but i'm constantly gunnin'
wielding my blades into a fate
and cuttin' down his evil minions
-ss-ssinate the captains of his legions
i was once overwhelmed despair and depression
they thought they had a n-gga
said i'd die by decapitation
let off sonic, electromagnetic, radiation, vibration, smokescreen
no more rasta powers
breakout regroup their dead in 24 hours
their demise was a thrill to me
every shot every k!ll became more fun to me
i know tha prophet thinks i'm going crazy
live by it die by it
can't a d-mn thing stop me
i'm rasta powers
[chorus]
can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman

JERU THE DAMAJA – QUEENS LYRICS

[verse 1 – jeru the damaja]

shinin' star but not a movie actress
mind refined, skintone many shades of blackness
and every man wanna have this, because she's the baddest
and her booty it got the fatness
many come with excess bagage from broken homes
to heal her dome i wrote these poems
and most love to talk on the phone
the real ones they either love you or they leave you alone
act childish even though they fullgrown
some jump badge you gotta be like: shorty watch ya tone
causin' commotion cause the species deal with emotion
no matter how dope they are they put you through the motion
some move real fast and others in slow motion
the ones that's upset they have they granny fix some love potion
some love flowers most smell like baby lotion
some so ill they have a player talkin' love and devotion
the ones that been done wrong watch how you approach 'em
and save those phoney lines they can tell if you genuine
no matter how un-coachable i can coach you
i need to form my team...my black queen

[hook – jeru][2x]

"the-the-the-the queens" (3x)

not "the b-tches"

[verse 2 – jeru the damaja]

mother of mankind body a shrine black sunshine
god's most exquisit design wish they all were mine
the way she walk get me caught up everytime
d-mn honey mad fine on some sade sh-t is it a crime
the way she shake doubletape makes you break ya neck
women little or nothing talkin' about she want respect
you gettin' weak she eat you up and gingerly step
but if it's tight then you just might get her in check
but come correct and don't have the wrong one have ya baby
ask her how many n-ggas she want she'll probably say three
some love to love you some love to spend money
i'm crazy tight with my loot but she can get all my honey
my man doin' life behind ears and that ain't funny
and the sky is the limit if they find themselves a dummy
most like exquisit gear but they crib look mad bummy
believe in t.v. with no concept of reality..my black queen

[hook][2x]

[verse 3 – jeru the damaja]

ancient universal symbol of fertility, black soil
wicked royal and loyal her skin mask moves from baby oil
she makes my temper boil i'm bound of her duty
whether she got a real fat, or real flat booty
due love the now man woman and child she makes me smile
all those show her conference try to copy her style
mothers watch my sisters and nieces
as i grow older my respect for her increases
if she a ho i scoop up and teach her like jesus
my excistance without her is meaningless
my goal is more than to get her undressed
i mentally caress this godess, pittoresque the nubian princess
see i once called her a b-tch but she is a empress
and i can't live without her this i must confess
and thought sometimes she fills my life with stress
nevertheless i love her to death...my black queen

[hook][2x]

JERU THE DAMAJA – WHATYAGONNADO LYRICS

[verse 1]

3 in the morning, you hop on the train
3 brooklyn fiends is scheming on your chain
mad blunts and licks to the head, you red[?]
better sober up quick or you might get dead
there's no one around so ain't no reason to scream out
here's your chance to be a gangsta n-gga, back that thing out
the next move you make will decide your fate
will it be die on the train or live life behind the gate
you framing[?] minor[?] [??], you contemplate prison rape
your heart skip a beat and you select upstate
it's on, you get a lump in your throat, n-ggas weapons are drawn
you so shook, you shoot straight through your coat
2 down, 1 boogie[?] but before you gone
the train stops and one of new york city's finest jumps on

[hook]

"whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da police, shoots]

[verse 2]

2:30 in the morning on a friday night
it's one of those types of nights that everything's goin right
in a club, fishing for b-tches, anything tryin to bite
then the one that you want gets caught in your sight
face – picture perfect, big t-tties and fat -ss
she's asked if she wanna drink and she kindly p-ss
her response let you know she's not the average stunt
she asks "do you got a dutch", you say "yeah", she roll a blunt
weed[?] and conversation good, you fill the evening with laughter
then shorty like: "yo, whatchu doing after"
she continues what she's doing is outta character
but, she live's alone and she wants you to smash her
you bug, you can't believe that she tryin to f-ck
you like: "let's bounce", then you think "lady luck"
you exit the club, hop up in your truck
but when you get to brooklyn east new york, you get stuck up

[hook]

"whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da stick up]

[verse 3]

1 a.m. – you in the studio, dropping verses about how you flip kilos
get paper commit murder and pimp on hoes

crazy ice around your neck with the thugged out flows
but it sounds like game to the street wise pro's
cause you be blabbing the [??] that you don't even know
straight pillow talking, i hope you walk the walk
and be doing all the sh-t that's blasting out of shortie's walkman
the last verse is laid, your men is like [??] dope fiend
all of a sudden the sound [??] wide open
3 n-ggas come in, screaming "where the cash"
and you know the sh-t is real cause they ain't rocking masks
they rocking big -ss canons dawg, you better think fast
do you run what's yours or go for yours and blaaast..

[hook]

"whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da stick up]

JERU THE DAMAJA – DIVINE DESIGN LYRICS

[intro]

you know, sometimes in life
we try our best
but no matter how hard we try
things still go wrong
but don't be discouraged
if it's meant to happen, it's gonna happen
it's of a higher order, a higher design
a divine design

[verse 1]

divine design, design's the rhyme
my brother standin' on the corner, straight stranded in time
'cause favorite mc's makin' records that perpetuate crime
babies, is havin' babies, stick+up kids is goin' crazy
stray dogs is in the street, watch that one he got the rabies
had to knock this n+gga out because he tried to play me
no phone in my home, dog, what the f+ck you lookin' at?
sha came home from prison, and quickly relapsed
black+on+black's got that n+gga for his chain on the train
the shots, wasn't fatal but they damaged his brain
cocaine, numb the pain like nova
i'ma do him for his id and now it's all over
champagne wishes, on a four+leaf clover
livin' up, in the hood and pushin' a range rover
shorty bootylicious but you pay for her affection
pimpin' told her this would get her up out of the 8 section
nana in church, celebratin' christ's resurrection
poogie shot too much dope, he got that hiv infection
cops serve and protect them, for us there's no protection
guns and drugs and unnatural selection
[? 1:10] brothers think it's still all good
i guess they just caught up in the hood...

[hook]

where you at?
has crossed my mind
where you at?
has crossed my mind

[verse 2]

divine design protects the blind
the twin towers fallin' down, another sign of the times
the masses embracin' ideas that confine the mind

little girls think they grown ladies, what have you done for me lately?
alcoholics in the street, watch that one i think he crazy
had to bust off my gun 'cause shorty tried to blaze me
little kids on my block whylin' out, because they lack the fact
rae got 5 to 10 for sellin' dt crack
the dopeman stacks, don't hate the player, hate the game
feds harass drug dealers while terrorists hijack planes
maintain, hard times is almost over
the summer heat make the streets explode like supernovas
battle scars, tattoo street soldiers
the pen make, heathen men seek allah or jehovah
son's mad thugged out, prime candidate for correction
leave mc's with no dad, he rocks no hats when he's s+xin'
when he get that life term, somebody test him
solitary, confinement + it's too late for reflection
cops serve and protect them, for us there's no protection
guns and drugs and unnatural selection
[? 2:15] brothers think it's still all good
i guess they just caught up in the hood...

[hook]

where you at?
has crossed my mind
where you at?
has crossed my mind

[verse 3]

divine design ensures that i'll shine
the truth + a double+edged sword that can sever your spine
my mental spray like a mac before i clap like a nine
the young black man's angry, ain't no if, ands, or maybes
85's in the street, runnin' round in mental slavery
got beef wit the beast, he always tryna lace me
po+po all up in the hood like a gang, what the f+ck is that?
so+called crooks, get shot in they back
fake n+ggas react, but make they moves just for fame
from activist, to poli+tic+ian
hu+mane, the tongue they speak when sober
power+drunk, they wicked like the last day in october
snakes in the grass, here comes the lawn mower
pork chops, crack and p+ss, what a terrible odor
john taliban got the complexion for the connection
where i come from youth grow up day to day with no direction
cops serve and protect them, for us there's no protection
guns and drugs and unnatural selection

[? 3:15] brothers think it's still all good
i guess they just caught up in the hood...
+instrumental plays until fade+

JERU THE DAMAYA



JERU THE DAMAJA – THE CRACK LYRICS

[interlude: jeru the damaja]

yeah, jeru the damaja
the master of microphone mayhem
representing that real hip-hop
you know, i don't know what the f-ck ya'll motherf-ckers is doing
but i'll be spitting that dope
know what i mean?
i put it down like this:

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

i always get respect, i'm high-tech like computer love
n-ggas don't approach me talk tough but [?] mostly
and even though you holler i don't think that you're rough enough
f-ck it money knuckle up and get your sh-t bust
i'm so funky even rock-n-roll heads want me
come off the wall get cracked the f-ck up like humptey, dumptey
i'm busting shots like i'm still on the block
real g's hold their own, fake thugs call the cops
don't need guns, just the warriors drums
of course, the force, rip off your mog like dum-dums
so go ahead and act dumb
i use my mike like a magnum
and send you back where you came from
wild on the track, run first shut the spot down
cats is getting hurt, like convicts on lockdown
on the real, i'm that negro pound for pound
leave your click wet like water, break your mp3 recorder
play lowkey, but never sneak like a ninja
so much the man, crackers in the clan wanna be a n-gga
go figure, now i [?] your honey figure, moe
pop your luck in the hood then moe liquor
get them tipsy, like heineken mixed with 'henney
burn mc's worse than kenwill mars burn penny
on good times, i'm the [?] for rocking minds
my pops the root on the block, with the fat dimes
true climbs and confessions, jam sessions, heads bop, chickens' heads quap, they said they prese
'cause like blessin'
the lord never stressin', f-ck you perception, i'm the motherf-cker on the mike; no question
from state to state, i'm holding mad weight
but not drugs, the bulletproof munk deflects slugs of hate
where's my hat, i'm 'bout to dig out your date

i guess you's a lame, she says she like the way i love me
all hail the king when i swing like kong
stay cool and calm, blow like an atom bomb
blow sh-t up
like zorro, you can call me the don diego
f-ck a hook i got 'em hooked like yayo
[?] brooklyn cats just don't know how to act
f-ck what you thought was dope, this sh-t is the crack

the crack

[sound of crack pipe being lit up]

JERU THE DAMAJA – THE PROPHET LYRICS

[intro]

"ayo prophet, yo prophet, we need your help
[?] on fighting for the tvs and the radio
everywhere you look, it's envy, hatred, greed, jealousy
you can't move, the city is suffocating
you have to help us, help us, please"

[verse 1]

shorty said she need a solder, so i'm back no doubt
last time i had to scr-p with ignorance, he d-mn near took me out
see i can't do it myself so i allow myself with patience
cat that i rolled with in the past turn out to be double agents
thought i k!lled this dude before, he had a million clones of hatred
and he keep trying to stop me like the guys in the matrix
i'm fighting for my life when i realize that i'm f-cked
in the mist of the firefight, my weapon jams up
i don't move as quick as i used to, so i almost get stuck
and when i tried to escape, i catch a slug in my gut
despair laughing at me talking 'bout "we got you, n-gg-"
there's an explosion, i'm scooped up by a mysterious figure
we flew off in a helicopter
not a ghetto bird, but a military black hawk chopper
i wonder who would help me, it ain't make no sense
it wasn't pride, 'cause he has a goal, he start working with arrogance
"who are you, why'd you save me, what's this all about?"
i'm barely hanging on, i'm nearly p-ssing out
then the voice said "don't worry love, you're safe with us"
it was this chick named seduction from this clique called l-st
after that, i feel a sharp pain in my back
they hit me with a sedative and everything went black

[interlude]

"madam seduction, you have to come and see this
i've never seen anything like this before in all my years of practice in medicine
this graph reference is the brain activity normal-vested human being
this is the prophet's current brain activity
it seems he placed himself in some sort of a self-induced coma, allowing him to heal three times
as fast as a normal human being
moves like this, he should be out for a week
while his vital signs is stabilizing
i think he's coming, too"

[verse 2]

i woke up a few days later in a hospital bed
kinda dizzy from the drugs, bandages on my head
the wound on my stomach had been cauterized closed
snatched the iv out my arm, "where the f-ck are my clothes?"
a nurse named essence runs in, said that i should relax
if i waited a few moments, seduction would be back
she came in and said that she want to make me an offer
something about the way she spoke, i couldn't keep my eyes off her
then i started feeling woozy so i sat my -ss down
she said ignorance days is numbered, l-st is taking over town
i did not understand the motive of the seductress
'cause i remembered when she murdered truth and justice
now here's where the situation gets complex
if i take ignorance down, would the prophet be next?
i remember the words of wisdom, so i answered with note
then she informs me that i'm poisoned and she has the antidote
i flew into a rage and started flipping sh-t over
seduction held her ground, keeping her composure
she said "you're wasting time f-cking with me
you had 24 hours, now you have 23"

[interlude: ignorance speaking]

"h-llo seduction. did the prophet take the bait?
oh he did, did he?
for your sake, i hope he shows up on time
because if he doesn't, your sister will make a lovely addition to my harem
ahahahahahahahaha
ahahaha"

[verse 3]

they gave me hi-tec weaponry and all the pertinent information
maps, floor plans, and ignorance location
he changed up the game since our first confrontation
he used to play the library, but now it's the tv station
my 7th sense told me i was in grave danger
so i hit my man courage on his two-way pager
i hope he gets the message if you know what i mean
'cause i'm down to our 18
i cut through the lock with the laser beam
i took out anger and fear, some of the meanest guys on ignorance team
i make it to the next locked door as i start to cut
all the lights come on, another motherf-cking set up
my finger's on the trigger, but before i could bust
i'm disarmed by seduction and surrounded by l-st

a bunch of female -ss-ssins with -sses fatter than strippers
i hear a buzzing noise, and they had them clippers
my chest tightens up, i fall down
the clippers h-t my head, my dreads h-t the ground
seduction comes over, looks me in the face, and gives me a kiss
i'm thinking "it can't end like this"

[outro]

the saga continues

JERU THE DAMAJA – HISTORY 101 LYRICS

[intro]

plans are made destined to change the course of history

[verse]

in 1441 two portuguese captains pick up twelve africans

brought them to cabo branco portugal the slaves

this is the beginning of the slave trade

they were so successful that just four years after

a tax collector from lagos set up trade with africa

this was in about 1444

don't go nowhere cause there's a whole lot more

in 1452 the first time sugar was planted on an isle in portugal

that's the year pope nicholas v proclaimed

that if you're not a christian, your -ss can be put in chains

for years the portuguese monopolized the slave game

they were so large they set up shop in seville, spain

now in 1476

despite papal opposition the spanish got down with this sh-t

it was a captain named called carlos de valera

he brought back 400 men from africa

1481 diogo de azambuja

builds a castle at elmina, that's modern day ghana

not only was it one of the days busiest ports

it was also one of the slavery's most notorious forts

1483 the discovery of the congo river

a goldmine if your goal was enslaving n-ggas

1492 columbus sails the ocean blue

(yeah all right, once again.....)

after months and months of sea, death and all types of drama

chris stands on san salvador, modern day bahamas

1493 on columbus' second voyage

he starts the transatlantic trade enslavin' the taino village

he brought them from hispaniola, that's the d.r. to spain

it gets even more insane

1499 vespucci and hojeda take natives from south america this time

when columbus did it there were legal issues in the past

this time he had no problems selling their native -ss

1500 it starts to get real ill

pedro cabral sets foot on brazil

1502 a guy named juan córdoba

it's the first merchant on record to send africans over

he was only allowed one by spanish authorities
but other dirty merchants sent two or three
1509
columbus' son diego colón governor of the empire at that time
said the native slaves were lazy and they worked too slow
1510 fifty black slaves are shipped to santo domingo
1513 ponce de leon
the first european to touch american soil
he landed on the coast
modern day florida as it's known to most
1516 on a ship a huge native slave rebellion
they killed the crew and sailed back home 1519 here comes magellan
1521 cortés slaughtered the aztecs
1522 two slaves in espanola break their masters necks
1526 the germans put slaves on ships
1532 the pizarro kills the incas and sh-t
1532 the english get into the mix
john hawkins brought back blacks, potatoes and tabacco from his trips
1579 the united provinces is formed
and the trading machine of the dutch is born
now i can dope on and on and on and on
but for practical reasons it'll take to long
to all my brothers claiming that they're hispanic and latino
you're african, aztecs, indian and taino
now that i showed you how this nations gained their wealth
i hope i keep your interest so check it out for yourself

JERU THE DAMAJA – HOW ILL LYRICS

sk!lls? sk!lls?
listen, i got crazy sk!lls
i'ma tell you like this
i'm so ill i sn-tch the food out the hungry lion's mouth
jog from brooklyn to dc on i 95 south
without getting fatigued i travel at light speed
get shot with a bazooka, dog can barely bleed
i can touch a lightning bolt, and not get shocked
put shots at the president and won't get knocked no sh-ttin'
swim with the sharks and i ain't never been bitten
have nelson mandela quoting the sh-t that i'm spitting
make one phone call i get pulled me apart
and another call i kick it with osama bin laden
have every lesbian chick, begging for d-ck
make that n-gga al sharpton cut off that old perm sh-t
spit fire out my mouth like the mythical dragon
own a unicorn h-rn; smoke the blunt with the leprechaun
squash ghetto beef before the weapons are drawn
bring lash back to life and put his black -ss on
to get this ill takes practice
nasty
i'm so ill i have mike bloomberg cutting me checks
pimps instruct they hoes to pay me for s-x
i make extra chips teaching david blaine tricks
nasa called my lab before they launch rocket ships
so ill, jackie chan calls me the black version
after finished rapping i'ma be a brain surgeon
i can see the planets clearly without a telescope
went to rome to rock so they try to make me the pope
i have oprah in the crib posing for exotic fl!cks
take a trip to fort knox and pick up like 80 bricks
free all of the wrongfully imprisoned people out of jail
and when i'm finished with oprah ill snap fl!cks of gail
ill rip the mic all night without taking a breath
swim the atlantic ocean without taking a rest
or getting wet
i always win so gamblers place your bets
i'm taking mc's to maury for maternity tests
to get this ill takes practice
and it goes like this
i'm so ill they model computer chips after my brain
when a county in drought they call the kids for rain

bring peace to the gaza strip cause i got so much clout
mario owe me dough for knocking donkey kong out
wolfgang puck gave me paper to teach me to cook
jk rowlings asked me to write the next harry potter book
i can feed a million people with my peacea and jada
darth vader don't really know i'm luke skywalker father
i spend my down time writing scripts for scorsese
when i blow sh-t up i make the terrorists hate me
i'ma probably end up living until i'm one hundred and eighty
my stamina so legendary, wonder women trying to date me
my touch cures the sick, like an antibiotic
slap up steve austin, and short out his bionics
rap to a point just like a navy seal gunner
i'm taking sh-t over this summer and every summer
to get this ill takes practice..

JERU THE DAMAJA – NY LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

i'm on the train late nights where c-cksuckers and bulldyk-s, re-
-ligious fanatics, whinos get into night fights
homeless people sleepin' in the chair by the door
smellin' straight like -ss, sticky sh-t on the floor, word
bums rush the car in orange vest and hats
mad trash on the tracks, bigger than cats
n-ggas is mean muggin' for some like, yo, they buggin'
but i know they all drunk, so we don't mean nothin'
po-po jump on to deep lookin' noy
thinkin' 'bout the situations that they hope to aviod
lookin' shorty in the cut, big b-tt and all wobbly
f-ck around and get burnt like thrid degree
word to g, hip between the cars if you gots to pee
ain't no other city in the world like nyc
but i ain't gotta tell ya, i think y'all know
here's my stop, i gots to go

[hook: jeru the damaja]

new york, it's the city of schemes
the city of fiends, the city of dreams
new york, we got boroughs of kings
boroughs of queens and boroughs of fiends
new york, it's the city of schemes
the city of fiends, the city of dreams
new york, we got boroughs of kings
[?]

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]

everybody reps the team, it's either knicks, mets or yanks
long island for white stanks, central brooklyn still stinks
guidos hit the club in the city with they b-tch
gettin' drunk out they mind, startin' fights and sh-t
crackheads beg for dope, but they be holdin' bricks
hunts point got pimps, hoes and dumb tricks
[?] blow that dro
and get some henny in them and they turn into nymphos
stick up kids and hustlin' pros
the deuce is filled with tourists, undercover five-o
bright lights on big buildings, [?] national day
run aways and port authority, the bathrooms smell horribly
m-ss transit, one, two and three
ain't no other city in the world compares to nyc

but i ain't gotta tell ya that, i think y'all know
here's my stop, i'm off to the studio

[hook: jeru the damaja]

new york, it's the city of schemes
the city of fiends, the city of dreams
new york, we got boroughs of kings
boroughs of queens and boroughs of fiends
new york, it's the city of schemes
the city of fiends, the city of dreams
new york, we got boroughs of kings

[?]

JERU THE DAMAJA – KICK ROCKS LYRICS

[jeru]

i apologize to all persons that i have hurt in the past

[hook]

i'm sorry, so sorry

i'm sorry, so sorry

please accept my apology

[jeru]

d-mn son, you getting tight? i ain't mean it, it was a joke, d-mn
you..you.. you can't take a joke? c'mon man. you know what?

[verse one]

i'm sorry i ain't the hero that you need in your life
i'm sorry but sometimes i tend to live trife
i'm sorry i can't say what you want me to say
i'm sorry i'm bound to flip up on any given day
i'm sorry y'all seem conceded but i know my sh-t's fly
i'm sorry i lost my temper and punched you in the eye
i'm sorry i can't live up to your expectations
i'm sorry if how i move causes you frustration
i'm sorry that a brother have all type of hang ups
i'm sorry i quit smoking cause now i drink too much
i'm sorry i make mistakes that i can't take back
like busting guns and selling crack
i'm sorry to all the cats that i hit in the head
i'm sorry i get violent when i get real fed
i'm sorry i couldn't be a better friend
but i do the right thing if i could do it again
i'm sorry i couldn't be there when you needed help
i'm sorry but i was busy tryin' to help myself
i'm sorry, that life is filled with all type of hard knocks
but if you can't handle it, then, kick rocks

[hook]

i'm sorry, so sorry

i'm sorry, so sorry

[verse two]

i'm sorry if you think that i'm a dirty such & such
i'm sorry i got a big mouth and talk too much
i'm sorry my first album couldn't save the world
and if at any point in life, i hit your girl

i'm sorry if sometimes i'm contradictory
i'm sorry mcs try hard but they can't see me
i'm sorry i don't work with your favourite producer
i'm sorry i can't quit cause i'm not a loser
i'm sorry but i have to walk with my head high
i'm sorry my mind state is not just getting by
i'm sorry for things i said cause i know i offend
i'm sorry but i call it like i see it my friend
i'm sorry if we met and you thought i was rude
but i make it a habit not to hang with dudes
i'm sorry if i generically signed you autograph
i'm sorry if you feel i ain't bring the heat since the wrath
i'm sorry if i ignored you tryin' to spit to some chick
i'm sorry but sometimes i think with my d-ck
i'm sorry for knowing the godly but dealing with earth
this is a formal apology for what it's worth
i'm sorry but life is filled with all type of hard knocks
and if you can't handle it, pssst, kick rocks

[hook]

i'm sorry, so sorry
i'm sorry, so sorry
please accept my apology

[jeru]

is that good enough? you feel better now? listen...

[verse three]

i'm sorry i'm not the man that you want me to be
i'm sorry i don't understand you and you can't understand me
i'm sorry for all the feelings that i hurt in the past
if you thought it was gonna be more than me tapping that -ss
i'm sorry if we kicked it and we got too close
i can't deal with commitment so i'm sorry i'm ghost
i'm sorry i got honeys all over the place
i'm sorry that i learned to lie with a poker face
i'm sorry to all the chicks that i g-ssed on tour
told'em i keep in touch but i don't see them no more
i'm sorry we was involved and you got your heart broken
i'm sorry it went down like that i ain't joking
i'm sorry it had to be that way
i'm sorry for all the games i felt i had to play
i'm sorry if i was grimy and i hit your friend
and even though i'm sorry i'd probably do it again
i'm sorry sometimes i only think of myself

i'm sorry i ain't warned you before we dealt
i'm sorry shortee said i was her favourite rapper
i'm sorry i had no self control and had to tap her

i'm sorry life is filled with all type of hard knocks
and if you can't handle it, shortee, kick rocks

JERU THE DAMAJA

THE HAMMER

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

JERU THE DAMAJA – POINT BLANK LYRICS

[sample: (?)]

i wanna speak to you
i wanna speak to you
you're concerned about the fate of the human race

[verse: jeru the damaja]

look up in the sky
its not a pimp but the black flint
intelligent as f-ck but dirty like the us government
ya'll trying to live like rappers
but you get none of the benefits
they using bet and sh-t
to keep ya'll n-ggas ignorant
i heard they (?) to say that i'm irrelevant
the devil been real busy
cause now narcissisms the dominant
the way these n-ggas act
man prison is the consequence
this rap sh-ts an illusion like the black president
d-mn
that's a bad b-tch
today that sh-t a compliment
instead of getting smarter
(?) less articulate
they training our intelligence and hip-hops the instrument
i have a sense of duty so a brother here to circ-mvent
blind leading blind man
you think that's a coincidence
these cats committing crimes
and i'm here to present the evidence
word to god this sh-t is sickening
rapping used to be hard but now its so effeminate
(your days are numbered)
who got on the mic
doing work
yo its the black kirk
incredible as f-ck how they manipulate your mind like church
n-ggas on these records talking about how their team put in work
f-ckin' with these shorty's head because they never did real dirt
f-ck around with body guards 'cause they're scared to get hurt
they claim they're living dangerous but strictly safety first
yo

i keep it gully, f-ck if your bubble burst
all that k!ller monologue with you on stage, you a skirt
(?) i thought it'd be better but its just getting worse
cause sh-t they spit is the opposite of quality first
'member when the game used to be diverse
now almost every single record one repetitive verse
i'm about to drop a bomb and watch 'em all disperse
'bout to go beserk until the trends reversed
so all ya'll metros-xuals hold on to your purse
remember sins of the father, they leave the seeds cursed

JERU THE DAMAJA – SOLAR FLARES LYRICS

[verse 1]

ayo the way i move defies the laws of physics
i travel through dimensions writing rhymes with the mystics
i reread the fabric of time to be specific
i maneuver through the universe young, black, and gifted
divine design swift as tachyon particles
live from the trenches of brooklyn it's the original
chemistry unaltered by synthetic chemicals
blessed with the power of god delete your physical
difficult time only further strengthen the spiritual
yea that's crystal clear i fear no individual
no [?] in every line that i rhyme
i'm immersed the soul of soldier from the birth to the earth
study the verse my work is so superb it's a curse
my mind extremely sharp when i think my head hurts
if i keep killling the flow i'm afraid it'll burst
and the force it generates will destroy the universe

[hook]

the listener's symptom is [?] like solar flares (4x)

[verse 2]

mind over matter help me explore the galaxy
time moving things with my rhymes mental telepathy
chemicals combine with beats advanced alchemy
math and science master microphone wizardry
ahead of time futuristic technology
god in the physical form anthropology
raw bloodline divine genealogy
the word in the time before time cosmogony
atomic energy flow heterodoxy
most philosophy is hypocrisy
in the death of the cosmos i'm totally free
good thing i'm mostly water cuz life is a tree
here's the scoop: even in allah there's the truth
i'm [?] roots you know what it is by the fruits
i speak couth the beach f-ck biochemical suits
i'm afraid the heat i generate will melt the booth

[hook]

[verse 3]

my vessel is average but my spirit is colossal

2000 years what i write will be the gospel
i send you to life like o2 through your nostrils
riding lighting bolts trading tales with apostles
saying do things that's deemed impossible
master my realm so in fact it's logical
camel through the eye of the needle improbable
feast for your ears in the flavor delectable
-rg-smic voice but it's far beyond s-xual
borderline mythical baffle the intellectual
dissect your science to the last molecule
so electric my brainwave is measured in joules
the flow intoxicating like a gallon of booze
universal law and order reinstate the rules
fate is what you make it
be wise when you choose
this rhyme a landmine
blow you out your shoes

[hook]

JERU THE DAMAJA – DR. FREEDMAN (OUTRO) LYRICS

i'm dr. jade freedman
and for several years
myself and my team of top research scientists
at the himalayan inst-tute of higher learning
and advanced neurological science
have been conducting a study on
the effects of prolonged exposure to wackness
during these clinical trials
in the data gathered
we've determined that
any exposure to wackness for substantial periods of time
destroys cognitive ability
in other words
perception, attention, memory, motor sk!lls
language sk!lls, visual and spatial processing
we're all negatively effected
but there is hope
we here at the himalayan inst-tute of higher learning
and advanced neurological science
have made it our life's mission
to eradicate this worldwide phenomenon known as wackness
so if you, or anyone you know
has been exposed to wackness
and thought that you would have to live with this debilitating illness
you don't
give us a call
at 774-300-wack
once again that number is 774-300-9225
together we can attack the wack

JERU THE DAMAJA – A.R.M.E.D. LYRICS

[intro]

wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

man this sucka n-ggas stabbed me on some opp sh-t
man this n-gga thinking, she drinking my love liquid
jeru p-ss the heat, ride the beat
mic twisted overseas with a breeze
best believe double fisting please
cover the ears of your seeds
this sh-t explicit
to some i'm trouble
double bubbles call me king's horrific
load up linguistics, the ruler of rhythmic
the god of rhyme, you know the time
eastern, standard, or pacific
sinful
my words manipulate your mental
when i chump your style on general principle
build spiritual
shorty wobble, doubt make you physical
put fire to the mic
till it secrete crazy chemicals
the way i murder mics is criminal
and if you press up dog, you messed up
you gon' need dental work
agonizing pain, cause the truth hurts
on a plane getting brain
with my hand up her skirt
for that last line
you'll probably think i'm a jerk
but can't deny that i'm fly
on the mic put in work
drop a bomb make emcees disperse
this sh-t wicked
like klan members bombing a church

[verse 2: (?)]

hey yo i'm clean with the slicing
mean with the dicing

beans with the rice and
fiends screaming my sh-t
jeru that's live sh-t
flyig with a pilot
private, we first cl-ss
reverse that
(?)
f-r-e-s-h
i'm in the south chiefling
while you in the house sleeping
i'm with your spouse creeping
waking up to (housekeeping)
that's when i'm out sneaking
leave her with the mouth leaking
out s-m-n
thanks for the wild weekend
i get cash wired
and i blast iron
through cast iron
its the vampire
i suck the air out of your flat tire
you look tired
n-gga just retire
(you're fired!)
before i chop you up like benihana's
and have you stressed with a gray beard
like kenny rogers
f-cker

[verse 3: (?)]

i'm all for mathematics
you n-ggas lenny kravitz
big jew from new york
they call me jacob javitz
you a devil, every cell in me is asiatic
i'm old school but don't you take me for no geriatric
never catch me in a skirt wearing a heavy jacket
you fashion forward, i'm a poet slash scary black kid
scary jerry, extremely strong and very active
real n-ggas know and love me
i'm a crazy b-st-rd
never hating, yet i'm always getting hated on
i'm too abrasive for the players with the gators
women love me

they don't say its my amazing charm
they say i'm loving and generous as the day is long
but never p-ssy
n-gga push me, i'ma break his arm
counter-punching, every move you make is wrong
bullied brother uplift and celebrate the strong
now go get your f-cking shine box (?)
wait

[outro]

wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute

JERU THE DAMAJA – AVERAGE NIGGA LYRICS

i met this honey named yolanda
you would not believe the things that i told her
she had potential so i thought that i would mold her (break it down son)
you would usually see me and her around town
she had this way that was so s-xy
everytime i think about it-makes me woozy
and her? was just so nice and juicy
plus a mind that you would not believe, no tricks up her sleeve
so we dated, like janet jackson, we waited
a while and waited and waited
i started to wonder would i ever get in it
finally the invitation was extended
with that i said "mi casa es su casa"
meet me at my pad tomorrow-about six o'clock
no question-the next day, we kissin' and caressin'
before long, we starts to undress and
with that i pulls out my pack of hats
she looks me dead in the eye and says "what's that?"
i said "don't tell me you don't know what condoms is for"
she says "yeah, but the average n-gg- i love to hit it raw"
and i said

i'm not your average n-gg-
no i'm not your average n-gg-
you can't get me, i'm not your average n-gg-

no, i'm not your average n-gg-
girlfriend, i'm not your average n-gg-
no, no i'm not your average n-gg-

(yo ru! yo these honeys be on some sh-t for real. yo tell me about the
other honey you was kickin' it to)

i met this honey named tamika
my intentions was more than just to freak her
since i'm gone i thought that i teach her (where'd you meet her at, black?)
the tunnel so you know it didn't happen like that
i got her name and her number
i said "girlfriend, i just wonder,
could you come home with me?" she said "uh-uh,
but you got the digits-ring me up tomorrow and see where it leaves ya at
we started speakin'

we planned to hook up that next weekend
we discussed the place of our meeting, she said "come to my projects,
sometimes n-gg-z be buggin, but i get mad respect"
so like a dummy, i went to scoop up this young honey
g-ssed up by the fat -ss and flat tummy
but when i rolled up
it start to look just like a set-up
now i'm mad hot, but this time i played it cool
recognized one n-gg- i used to run with in high school
i said "you know tamika?" he said "yeah i know the wh-r-"
got me on the elevator and led me to her door
when i rung the bell she was mad surprised
she flung the door wide open with a wild look in her eyes
i said, yo

i'm not your average n-gg-
you see, i'm not your average n-gg-
you can't get me cuz i'm not your average n-gg-

i'm not your average n-gg-
girlfriend, i'm not your average n-gg-
oh no, you know i'm not your average n-gg-

(scratch—"chain n-gg—"scratch—"here you comin' but your steps are to loud.
standing on the corner, thought him was cool"—scratch—"chain n-gg—"

i met this honey named sabrina
i thought that this time this one would be the queen of
my dreams, but you know how that goes (god, i heard it before)
so let me tell you what happened one day i'm outside her door
and we're talking about how her ex-boyfriend be stalking
she said she thought she saw him when we were walking
but i said "don't worry about it,
put that sh-t to the side, and slide up in the crib"
so we're lampin', she's still shook up about what happened
i said "don't sweat it, he's probably just rappin'"
she said "little do you know,
last week he threw a brick threw my bedroom window"
i said "whatever, i don't think he's that crazy"
she said "you never, know where he may be"
all of a sudden, out of nowhere
the crazy mothaf-cka jumped out on me
i made him melt with a blow to the head
and before i bounced, this is what i said
i said

yo i'm not your average n-gg-
no, i'm not your average n-gg-
you can't get me cuz i'm not your average n-gg-

mista, i'm not your average n-gg-
no, i'm not your average n-gg-
oh no, you know, i'm not your average n-gg-

JERU THE DAMAJA – BITCHEZWIT DIKZ LYRICS

f/ lil dap, miz marvel

intro: jeru the damaja

yes yes

check it out right here now, knowhatimean?

henryville, the m-th-f-ckin b-tchez wit dikz

that's in the midst,
of the real brothers whose the true wonders

knowhatimsayin? talkin all that sh-t about this and this and that

but fakin sh-t, i'mma drop it like this

{jeru the damaja
bad b-tches and techs, and sound affects

talk but skate like tara lipinski, when sh-t get hec-tic
out in brooklyn, too late you's a vick

and if spend major dough on a hoe, you a b-tch -ss trick

pimps and players, no i'm not a hater

'cause i smashed it off, she bust me down i ain't pay her

shoutin youse a regulator,
soft like c3po, but pop sh-t like darth vader

for princess leia, with flesh hard like sh-ggy

your booty, when sh-t get raw you doo like scooby
i'm sn-tching chains, mics and those platinum groupies

dutches, chins, and hips get twist
and let it be known, i eat ya'll p-ss-es like a p-rno movie

drop that b-tch with a d-ck, and get a n-gg- like this

chorus: jeru the damaja (miz marvel)

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

{lil dap

you n-gg-s are like east new york waste, spit in your face

open your mouth, swallow the taste, listen to the pace

it's like showin the love, the same thing as pullin the club

spit it out, ya hoes know what this sh-t is about

b-tchez wit d-cks, and make a n-gg- mad as sh-t

cough the cough, when singing thru the streets of new york

holdin it down, but wavin my banner all around

'cause these whole motherf-ckers, wanna round are town

thinkin they down, but don't know bk grounds

-b-tch!-

chorus

{miz marvel

the next contestant left to be a secret lethal weapon

against half steppin, n-gg-s is fake,

i scope them first impression

take the mics possession, with the greatest discretion

and quick wit, fully equipped, mental lie detection

ya eyes cross like an intersection

you forget to count your blessings, all in the mix

sold your soul for it's weight in gold bricks

b-tchez wit dikz, with chips like chicks

only talk with snares and t-ts

in the time of revolution, be the first to submit

try to be god, but there mental seem unfit

speakin mathematics, but quick to kiss a crucifix

won't admit that their style is rip and counterfeited

contradict, sell their men to bang their fit, a moving target
thrown into the bottomless pit, b-tchez wit dikz

chorus

(b-tch! scratched over and over)

JERU THE DAMAJA – BLACK COWBOYS LYRICS

[verse 1]

i heard some mc's wanna bring it
but a female is one of their strongest men
when i step to you don't seek refuge
make it happen, f-ck the rappin'
because i know i got that sewed
the first time i ever touched the microphone it glowed
now i explode, eruptin' like a n-gga that drunk too much
but not intoxicated...
as mental stress increase you'll need to be sedated
sick and tired of the izm schism
this time's a warning, after this we take it to pugilism
mash out the beedies, dreads spark up the corn
i flow muddy like the gutter after the rainstorm
my mission to seek, build or destroy
like deadwood d-ck, i be the black cowboy
and this is the showdown...

[scratched hook]

(i got the wild style...)
(black cowboy)

[verse 2]

after this mc's will wish to do battle with me
for their sake i hope that they apply the proper strategy
in any case, worst comes to worst i'll be the best
storms will come, this we know for sure, but can you stand the crash test?
there's no vest or no way you can get suited up
for what's about to happen, you might as well get zooted
i heard that ignorance is bliss, so i guess you're all blistered
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
and just in case the first time you missed it
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
livin' on a diet of flesh and mistic
i kicks the ballistics and keep it realistic
we shoot sh-t up like the hatfields and mccoys
perverted monks, the black cowboys
and this is the showdown...

[hook]

[verse 3]

it's a cryin' shame what some n-ggas'll do for fame

when they think they know the game
but i switch up the rules of the game
drops jewels in the game
the fluid is quite fatal, like water on the brain
i be the sheriff and i got mc's on the chain gang
continuous hard labour until the day that they hang
one outlaw tried to escape but i murdered his gang
right back at ya b-tch-ss just like a boomerang
or a bolo, you couldn't knock me out with apollo
the god is never chillin', hot like a volcano
once i met up with this bandolero
why'd he make me bust him in his head with his banjo?
i put mc's on the ceiling like michelangelo
did the sistine chapel
known to kick and grapple, so you couldn't test the real mccoy
the black cowboys
and this is the showdown...

[hook]

JERU THE DAMAJA – EAST NEW YORK STAMP LYRICS

[forest whitaker reading]

[jeru]

samurai linguist, others suck like ?conalingist?
i burn sh-t up like a poison p-n-s
make your whole style seem meaningless
match wits wit this
call your squad the hole of fortres
i swoop down like a dirty brooklyn pigeon
swing my sword wit precision
lightning speed blurs your vision
like a surgeon wit razor sharp incision
subconcious like hypnotism
water on the brain, the mental baptism
put your aura in prison
block up your chi, and bend your light like a prism

[afu-ra]

yeah, those walkin the dog stand personified
study lessons and plant seeds to fertilize
straight up, i slaughter the ? that's got the order
spit flyin straight at my mouth is holy water
i damage flows, on the mics crushin your matter
and saw you scatter, and couldn't put you back together
fist of ten rings, i'm scr-pin jews up out the gutter
hittin ya, splittin ya thoughts like forest whitaker
sick wit the, get wit the thoughts next to ?
utmost, you want lyrics, here's an overdose
preverb'll tell you wit styles, you'll be a ghost
i did it a lot, i been in the spot, i rip it alot
and now some motherf-ckas wanna try to scheme and plot
and takin chances in life like throwin dice
it's afu-ra, i return from death twice
you talkin bout skills? yeah yeah, i'm twice as nice
take it to the apex, and push it high-tech
these petty mc's, they picture-paintin hot s-x
i melt tracks, i bomb sets wit hot wax
you want some spiritual syllables wit the chemicals
murdered down eighty-five percent subliminal
ten percent, fire burn em wit my visual
five percent, we break bread all in the mental
i keep it comin like rotisserie, and missin me
straight up and down, i let you know i do it wickedly

[vocal sample]

[chorus x3: jeru]

it's the code of the samurai, prepare to die
know you'll die, brooklyn e-n-y

it's the code of the samurai...

JERU THE DAMAJA – FRIENDS LYRICS

[verse 1:jeru]

friends is a word that i use loosely
because you never know who these people may be
some you just miss them, you know from way back
when you used to dig brock and sn-tch chains and sell crack
rollin every day, getting high-er than a ball
but when you play them too close they'll be your downfall
fast going to the picture, many things have changed
now the same old friends start acting strange
you probably, fox with me
you even pop shots with me
but now you hissing like a snake so friends turn enemy
and it really dont matter what you've been through
cause your friend will f-ck your b-tch and put a bullet in you
sleep in your bed, drive your car, spend your ends
but these are the people that we call friends

[chorus:]

friends
how many of us have them
i have none
thought i had one
friends
how many of us have them
thought i had one
but i have none
friends, friends

[verse 2:jeru]

i re-member, we started out together
back then i said yo we be down forever
i always thought i was a brother to you
we were friends, tight, like the awesome two
but now look whats happened to you
putting your trust in the shady individuals
and get screwed, still i hope you fine
sometimes you cross my mind
constantly reminded by the sword marks on my spine
they say all wounds heal in time but not mine
nightmares of my friends creeping up from behind
bl-dy murder, while the crimes un-solved
a friends a friend until loot is involved
sell you out, for a house and a job

and spit on your grave in the end, but
these are the people that we call friends
friends

[verse 3: afu ra]
first things first
stop the jealousy and envy
i depend on minds, offkey, to fool enemies
like your homeboy with your wifey
you cant believe it
seeing is one thing
but hearing its some sh-t
every which way she dip
every thought was unpleasant
i got, carried away, did you free oj
cause i want her ???
i heard she did tricks
like vanessa suck your d-ck
on sunset strip
and my man flip
like see low dice on six
we used to sell crack
and do sticks for bricks
bustin shots at all, other criminals care
but they scared to do a mother f-cking bid
listen
now we rock
got a block thats hot
like b-boys on the block thats got all watch
dont get knocked, that my man
he had me here
could this be my hollow saying your my fam
but d-mn, you should have used kung-fu
a .22 or some type of voodoo
to sn-tch out my heart
cause friends are really enemies from the start

JERU THE DAMAJA – FRIENDS OR FOE LYRICS

[verse 1:jeru]

friends is a word that i use loosely
because you never know who these people may be
some you just miss them, you know from way back
when you used to dig brock and sn-tch chains and sell crack
rollin every day, getting high-er than a ball
but when you play them too close they'll be your downfall
fast going to the picture, many things have changed
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you probably, fox with me
you even pop shots with me
but now you hissing like a snake so friends turn enemy
and it really dont matter what you've been through
cause your friend will f-ck your b-tch and put a bullet in you
sleep in your bed, drive your car, spend your ends
but these are the people that we call friends

[chorus]

friends
how many of us have them
i have none
thought i had one
friends
how many of us have them
thought i had one
but i have none
friends, friends

[verse 2:jeru]

i re-member, we started out together
back then i said yo we be down forever
i always thought i was a brother to you
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putting your trust in the shady individuals
and get screwed, still i hope you fine
sometimes you cross my mind
constantly reminded by the sword marks on my spine
they say all wounds heal in time but not mine
nightmares of my friends creeping up from behind
bl-dy murder, while the crimes un-solved
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sell you out, for a house and a job

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[verse 3: maino]

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i depend on minds, offkey, to fool enemies
like your homeboy with your wifey
you can't believe it
seeing is one thing
but hearing its some sh-t
every which way she dip
every thought was unpleasant
i got, carried away, did you free oj
cause i want a slave's b-tch
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like vanessa suck your d-ck
on sunset strip
and my man flip
like see low dice on six
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and do sticks for bricks
bustin shots at all, other criminals care
but they scared to do a mother f-cking bid
listen
now we rock
got a block that's hot
like b-boys on the block that's got all watch
don't get knocked, that my man
he had me here
could this be my hollow saying your my fam
but d-mn, you should have used kung-fu
a .22 or some type of voodoo
to sn-tch out my heart
cause friends are really enemies from the start

JERU THE DAMAJA – GOD OF RHYMING LYRICS

[intro: jeru the damaja]

count me in

[hook: 3x]

jeru!

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

i commit to sn+tch up the drum

or flip on the back piper

devil [?] your nose trying bomb+rush my cypha

finesse chicks, finesse mics, finesse [?]

lyrical magician performing microphone tricks

sk!lls are always strapped so play task for this troop+a

[?] the combat, i catch wreck hood+a

not a drug fanatic, still i stay charged on buddha

since the last dope, i guess i'm a dope shoot+a, root+a, toot+a

but not a cowboy, a wild+wild boy

you want mic wreck, then check the real mccoy

i'm slaying suckers like hat vills the fat mac k!lls

with the rap sk!lls, heat wheels like coal steel

i don't need a glock, cause i sling+sling in my slingshot

sk!lls come down like waters and blow up the spot

a legend in my own timing, steadily climbing... ah f+ck it!

i'm the god of rhyming

[hook: 3x]

jeru!

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]

d+a, m+a, j+a, slay+a

punk n+gga on the spot as i rock this way

broke pump from jumps so all you crabs know the flave

i'm ripping up the tracks like the back a slaves

the masses are amazed by the way i flips it

psycho+kinetic energy manipulates it

so when snake stepped up for the 12 round+bout

like tyson from brooklyn, one round i put 'em out

science is the tool i use like a mechanic

so rhymes are dope, mechanically+incline

breaking comp like china, ain't a n+gga nicer, i'm a

maniac going wild with my nine

master of the sun, moon and stars are shining...

i'm the god of rhyming

[hook: 7x]

jeru!

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]

step to the brother on the mic and you'll find
you'll be struck dumb, like a punk sipping moonshine
no chance to recover, [?] scramble
f+cked up for life, sl!ck you shouldn't have gambled
rhymes are [?], the hardcore hoodlum
i get wreck, respect and then some
some say weak glances and sucker advances
go scratch by your nuts, since your life taking chances
i'm here to put you on, in case you didn't know
you could get clapped in the gat, by the mac one+o
favorites that's shown, i flip a bother on crack+a
i be the hijacker maniac bushwacka!
heard many tales about the land of compton
but i don't give a f+ck cause brooklyn bothers stomping
combine line from the top of my head
smoke stupid sess and my pops is a dread
don't have a ride so i [?] junction
i'm not a chump, don't make a chump assumption
i see you scheming, but that don't phase the
damaja, so go ahead and flip with the razor
i see you sneaking up from behind
but don't you... trying challenge the god of the rhyme

JERU THE DAMAJA – GOING BACK TO PHILLY LYRICS

i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly... i don't think so
i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly... i don't think so

going back to philly, wilin', defilin'
drunk dialing, so violent
always in the sun

going back to philly
flippin' um, lickin' um
scoopin' over everything in sight

duster – flowin', abs – showin'
lookin' like you wanna take a bite

going back to philly
hip-hop non-stop
crush 'em with karate chops

your mom's the bomb like napalm in a wigwam
meet you at the deli

going back to philly
trashin', crashin'
developin' a rash and bustin' some moves

i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly... i don't think so
i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly... i don't think so

potential – small, losers – all
salty like the ocean

going back to philly
where craniums are poundin'
busted, encrusted in the hot morning sun

going back to philly
panderin', philanderin', slanderin', gerrymanderin'
always brush your teeth

baby- tannin', jihad – plannin'
throw the p-p, let's go

i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly... i don't think so
i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly... i don't think so

JERU THE DAMAJA – HARRIET TUBMAN LYRICS

so even though we faced some difficulties of today and tomorrow
i still have a dream
it is a dream deeply rooted in the american dream
i have a dream

us presidents conspire with foreign governments
charlize theron performing gender experiments
cops k!lling unarmed minorities sets the precedent
the nra is claiming that that sh+t is self defense
[?] history electronic fingerprints
although the game has changed my aim is still murdering ignorance
in my youthful days i expressed myself with insolence
i thought that i could change the world forgive me for my arrogance
staring at computer screens decrease social intelligence
folks yelling woke but ain't never left the continent
big pharma profit from chemical development
in 1846 americans were the immigrants
innocent men in the pen there's no penitence
doomed to a life behind bars and death sentences
social media is that anesthesia
we worried bout what's trending
what happened to free mumia
we need more than the [?] at this point oh yes
does that mean that we forgot the [?] not at all
does that mean that we forgot the oral tradition? not at all
but it means then that while maintaining those traditions we also must enhance other aspects
of our personality

racist rhetoric, homegrown terrorist
prisons, ptsd with no therapist, lgbt, pro+weed and feminist
picking any rapper's instagram zombie apocalypse
original man proven by archeologists
still here to nourish the seeds eternal botanist
more beef for the block [?] with a plot twist
real dudes make moves maintain radio silence
promoting f+ckery they like stop the violence
lies for truth on my square daily maintenance
bide your time see there's virtue and patience
greatness faced down in the hood on the pavement
multimillionaire n+gga mental enslavement
hot lead liberated from its full metal encas+m+nt
l+st for fame got us all buggin'
clowns are shucking and jiving like f+ck harriet tubman

JERU THE DAMAJA – ME NOT THE PAPER LYRICS

("cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper")

microphone thugs flip keys and sh-t
remember the 80's when n-gg-s was acting crazy?
the mean streets raised me
i used to live dangerously
admit crack selling armed dangerous felons
plus murderers drug spot burglars
n-gg-s doing anything to acquire that paper
live the life of crime but got saved by the rhyme
peace to all my n-gg-s doing time on top of time
plus the ones gunned down in their prime
i made it this far because of divine design
diamond chains the sun still outshines
i get you drunk off my drink like that champaigne wine
as long as there's breath left, i father the fatherless
if sh-t was real brooklyn would sn-tch that chain off your chest
don't fess, we know why you rock that vest
hard on records, but really p-ssy, check it
i do this for me, and not the paper, strictly 100%

("cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper")

it started way before super rhymes
peace to mom dukes for enduring hard times
god bless all the victims of my past life crimes
i do this for the ghetto youth living like good times
flipping rhymes saved me from the obvious traps
in '97 studio hustlers puch crack on wax
and breaking backs, but faking jacks
if it wasn't for contracts, they wouldn't bust caps
so, destroy your people and collect huge stacks
fat axe, and platinum plaques
come bring it back, rewind it that old gangster bullsh-t
got the youth running around criminal minded
not a player hater, just don't chase the paper
got a little deal so some heads caught the vapors
so stupid motherf-ckers throw your guns in the air
to all my n-gg-s that ain't make it past their 19th year
i do it for me, and not the paper, stictly 100%, nah mean?

("cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper")

sinister plots, every week who got shot
spots like the enterprise kept the neighborhood hot
n-gg-s bugging out so some receive toe tags
resting up north with f-g or sporting sh-t bags
when i think back it's so sad
all the n-gg-s that i had, who'd ever figure that it'd get so bad?
so i retreat with a pen and a pad
hide your chain when you ride the train
for writing rhymes about automatic weapons
i'd rather steer the youth in the right direction
drop a bomb, destroy the temple's? sen section?
little girls already s-xing
hard rock shorties is flexing
but i stick to my lessons, no stress
cause if sh-t was real, brooklyn would sn-tch that chain off your chest
don't fess, we know why you rock that vest
hard on records, but really p-ssy, check it
i do this for me, and not the paper, strictly 100%, know what i'm saying?

("cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper")

JERU THE DAMAJA – POWER LYRICS

we're going to talk about the image of black men in our society
control their history
black men are six times more likely than white men to be murder victims
control their images
they're two and a half times more likely to be unemployed
don't teach them who they are
they finish last in practically every socioeconomic measure from infant mortality to life expectancy
whoever controls the mind, will also control the body

sometimes i question, why i even gave a f+ck
i look back young, black, proud and so fed up
my mental state it's obvious that the system's corrupt
cause some commotion and maybe we could shake it up
but now i realize i wasn't mentally mature enough
how the saying go a little knowledge can be dangerous
though things have changed the power still remains in us
so don't let the pain leave you acrimonious
black, white, yellow, brown they're all social constructs
created to separate, so now hate is the by+product
in '85 the fbi flooded the hood with product
because of that a lot of cats grew up with no fathers
cointelpro to stop the global expansion
excuse me if i don't sing the national anthem
now i write rhymes as i cool in my mansion
unity's the enemy that's why they murdered fred hampton
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
i am a revolutionary

let's talk about the image of the black man in america

i often ponder, do people even give a f+ck
and wonder why children don't hate, is compassion innate
how we choose malevolence over let's correlate
thinking that we're unlike, but in fact cognate
unity makes it difficult to subjugate
in the abundance of water make sure you hydrate

i've been laying low but still the underground advocate
the choice is yours, devil or god incarnate
good or bad people make the world rotate
bad or good, it's the point of view that you take
some give and some just take
some people are real and others are just fake
wait, what's true what's false, sometimes it's misconstrued
pay attention, be alert, show gratitude
throughout my travels i've learned one thing
unity's the enemy that's why they k!lled dr. king baby
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
i am a revolutionary

and if people had been educated they would understand that we don't hate white people, we
hate the oppressor whether he be white, black, brown or yellow

i am a revolutionary

JERU THE DAMAJA – REVENGE OF THE PROPHET (PART V) LYRICS

well prophet, it seems like you're in a bit of a jam
i hope you can unstick yourself
oh, and what you did to my wife
it was nothing, i have others
the saga continues
it's been a while since i escaped the library
fightin' ignorance every day, it's gettin' weary
when i think i got him, he pulls a slip on me
and there's so many soldiers in his fiendish -ss army
one of the fiercest, is this n-gg- named tricknology
the last time we met, he got the drop on me
sh-t happens so fast he even got some of my family
blasted my way up out the building when i catch him, i'ma kill him
track him uptown, where i hear he's lyin' to children
1 2 5th's the stop, go outside i hear gunshots run up the block
greedy lou's dead in front of the materialistic crack spot
trick's yellin' out, "this is my block"
i would've hit him, but i didn't have a clear shot
an innocent bystander might get popped
d-mn, a small thang 'cause the prophet still can't be stopped
what? that's right, this is my motherf-ckin' life
tricknology, you know what i'm sayin'
you know me, you can't front on me
i'm in a f-cked up position but if he squeezes again, i'ma lift 'em
a few seconds later now here comes the siren
oh sh-t, it's the pork chop patrol their on ignorance's payroll
and they only came to hold
tricknology down, scoop greedy lou off the ground
throw him in the back of a truck one yells
?what the f-ck n-gg- ya lookin' at? now get the f-ck outta here"
then i get that feeling that i feel when danger is in the air
then out of nowhere one yells out, "the prophet's over there"
immediately following mad lead is in the air
pigs are all posted up like they knew i'd be here
through in the back and forth my gun gets lost
but i managed to get one high powered thought off
i split 6 pigs that got sawed off
as their bodies break south i proceed to break north
now sh-t is lookin' dim and you'd think all maybe lost
but the prophet won't go out at any cost
you can never stop the prophet
[incomprehensible]

unit's 1 and 2, unit's 1 and 2 the prophet has been sighted
if you see him kill him
can't a d-mn thing stop me
i head toward the train station
my force did stop most of the ammunition
still i need medical attention
but i'm not b-tchin', gettin' ignorance is my mission
all of a sudden greedy lou comes creepin'
around the corner talkin' 'bout prophet you're a gonner
we knew you followed trick uptown because you wanna
get rid of ignorance but that don't make no sense
he runs the world i know this from experience
why don't you come and work wit us
you'll see the boss' game is nice
that night greedy lou died twice
now i'm wanted, pork chop patrol has a warrant
but that still can't stop the prophet
here ye, here ye
the court of ignorance is now in session
we, judge and the jury find the prophet
guilty in the murder of greedy lou
one of our close personal homeboys
so for that the sentence is death
when you find him execute him

JERU THE DAMAJA – SO RAW (PL) LYRICS

[verse 1:jeru the damaja]

its the raw high majestic

universally respected, divinely protected

many mics molested by my rhyming method

dirty rotten from bk to pl

think i fell off

you got jokes like dave chappelle

call me waldo

cause you don't know where i'm at in the world

international rhyme shark

marksman like william tell

the original

the n+ggas more b+tch than a sh+m+l+

all that rah+rah

you'd probably be a girl in the cell

lord's my witness

i'm giving these cats the business

knocking back shots of vodka

with my foolish gangster princess

on christmas

that's everyday the way i shoot the gift

in some parts of the world

they call me black st. nicholas

ridiculous amounts of style

flowing out of my orifice

spit nasty sh+t

like what went out of that b+tch in the exorcist

if you insist

i could fulfill your death wish

peep this raw hardcore

and fatter than wilson fisk

[hook x2]

so

tell your peeps about it

tell your cl!ck about it

tell your people 'bout it

tell 'em all about it

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

tell your cl!ck about it

tell your peeps about it

tell your crew about it

tell 'em all about it

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

[verse 2: peja]

sprawdź zawodnika który fika tyle lat brat

mieszam rap tak jak zawodnicy style walki w klatkach

na bicie petarda to ten czas by znów nagrać

na ulicach leży prawda, czuć ból z tego miasta

mamy się dobrze to (?) jest pogrzeb

gadamy mądrze, najwyższy nas poprze

nowe colabo to kolejny postęp

zawsze na (?) omijam (?)

w trasie najostrzej jedziemy w polską

gdziekolwiek dotrze, to będzie grubo

rps, ostry, jeru i reszta

rodziny album, słabim się gubią

nie umiem stać z boku

w centrum uwagi z ziomkiem

ty nie prowokuj kolo

bo obiad zjesz przez słomkę

ja wolę zbić piątkę

jestem (?) pojobem

nie po to kleję wersy

żeby zaliczyć glebę

chcesz mięsa więcej, to rzucę ci mięsem

jestem jak sensei choć mawia big daddy

jak w czasach 90s (?)

strzelam słowami, liryczny karabin

daras ma pady, to dzień zagłady

rytmu nabija jak członek (?)

szyszy niż jessie na stówę w berlinie

jak (?) wygrywamy

[hook x2]

so

tell your peeps about it

tell your cl!ck about it

tell your people 'bout it

tell 'em all about it

we so raw

we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
tell your cl!ck about it
tell your peeps about it
tell your crew about it
tell 'em all about it
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw

[verse 3: o.s.t.r.]

jebani się chwałą dziś
jakby posiadali talon
na kurwę i balon wstyd
mało im podpalimy ich razem
robiąc jatkę brat daj ognia prosto w mordę
wytknę tobie ową prawdę jak wariograf
może zobaczyć co może cię spotkać
nie wytłumaczę ci projekt tego czego rozsądek
nie nauczy ciebie przez soundtrack
od tak kolano pieść (?) i bomba
cel, w oczy zagląda stres
nie moja wina że jest nas wkurwisz
będzie podli fest
bałuty, poznań [bleeh] (?)
łdz parano
jazda noc i dzień paradoks
diabła świat nam (?) chaos
trze do gardła, (?) do szpiku kości
nie przejmuje nas dystans
tylko smak życia
bezlitosny instynkt w naszych myślach
nie ma że nie chce
zmienia się w (?)
(?)
nie wierzę w ten cel
(?)
zniewolą serce
(?)
zobaczysz ten dzień
(?)
bogiem nie jestem

jestem jak wszyscy
zły, zmęczony, wkurwiony
na świat przede wszystkim, bo?
[hook x2]

so

tell your peeps about it

tell your cl!ck about it

tell your people 'bout it

tell 'em all about it

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

tell your cl!ck about it

tell your peeps about it

tell your crew about it

tell 'em all about it

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

JERU THE DAMAJA – VERSES OF DOOM LYRICS

[produced by muskabeatz]

(jeru the damaja...)

(...and it goes like this)

for all you new jacks that never heard me spit
bring beats, rhymes, and freaks and watch me split sh-t
bang like bloods and crips
too legitimate to quit
mc's talk big but sonic waves crack your helmet
before long, the chicken heads crush they pelvic
bones, i blow up spot-slam microphones
thinkin' 'bout pacing? dog, adjust yo' tone
f-ck rhymin', i leave your eyes shinin' like chrome
rims, main course, knuckle sandwich and .10's
try and wet me, i multiply like gremlins
i'm a vet in the game, i know the outs and ins
still, i'm constantly beefin' like cowboys and indians
outlaw star, like gene starwind kickin' that crazy sh-t like a soccer hooligan
so money break yourself, you know what's good for your health
call me ninja not n-gga cuz i move in stealth
mode, after this joint your headphones explode
i rhyme in beeps and blips so i can rhyme in morse code
flow like ocean, salt water erode
when the mic is in my grip it is sure to corrode, and
i glide across the beat like jordan
leave compet-tion hole-y like a mormon
potent as dust, i have you all stumblin'
smoke too much, you sp-ce the f-ck out like flash gordon
rock this sh-t, from mornin' to mornin'
it's so hot it have rappers wanna stop recordin'
sort of superman, so lois lane reportin'
swing like spidey, so chumps hate me like jay jonah jameson
if i miss i take aim again
throwin' fire like the human torch and leavin y'all f-ggots flamin'
play yo' f-ckin' self if you think i'm gamin'
create earthquakes that have your core tremblin'
be number 9 like the love potion
can't clock my moves cuz i move in slow motion
(motion)
(motion)
(motion... and it goes like this)

verses of doom, from jeru the damaja...
[scratched] for all you new jacks
verses of doom, from jeru the damaja...
[scratched] sonic waves crack yo' helmet
verses of doom, from jeru the damaja...
[scratched] for all you new jacks
verses of doom, from jeru the damaja...
[scratched] i'm a vet in the game
doom...
[scratched] sonic waves crack yo' helmet
doom...
[scratched] sonic waves

JERU THE DAMAJA – WIZUN LYRICS

[intro]

slang is a vocabulary that is used between people who belong to the same social group and who know each other well

slang is a delicate form of language

it can offend people if it is used about other people or [about a group of people who know each other well?]

we usually use slang in speaking rather than writing

slang normally refers to particular words or meanings but can include longer expressions and idioms

[verse]

[hahaha good luck to whoever decides to transcribe this?]

JERU THE DAMAJA – YOU CAN'T STOP THE PROPHET (PETE ROCK REMIX) LYRICS

guy 1: ohhh! yo look towards the darkness

guy 2: nah nah yo, look towards the light

guy 1: yo what! oh what the? yo what is that?

guy 2: it's a supernova

guy 1: nah nah man, that's a black hole

guy 2: yo! yo!

guy 1: yo!

1 + 2: yo it's.. it's.. it's?!!!

(the prophet)

i, leap over lies in a single bound

(who are you?) the black prophet

one day i got struck by knowledge of self

it gave me super-scientifical powers

now i, run through the ghetto

battlin my, arch nemesis mr. ignorance

he's been tryin to take me out since the days of my youth

he feared this day would come

i'm hot on his trail, but sometimes he slips away

because he has an army, they always give me trouble

mainly – hatred, jealousy and envy they attack me

they think they got me

but i use my super-science and i twist all three

i see sparks over that buildin – they're shootin at me

i dip, do a backflip

then hit em in the heart with sharp steel bookmarks

ignorance hates when i drop it

but no matter, what he do.. he can't stop the prophet

(deceit)

yo prophet, yo prophet, c'mere real quick

yo i just saw ignorance downtown, let me put you on

(girl #2)

word, he down there buggin

he got them illin out, they shootin and everything else..

(the prophet)

let's continue the saga, mad mad drama

i met this chick, she said she knew where ignorance was at

i said, "where?" she said, "downtown"

he had babies havin babies – and young n-ggas sellin crack

i think the b-tch is lyin, it's a set up
i can smell it, but ignorance is runnin rampant
aight baby show me the exact spot
meet me at hoyt and schermerh-rn at 3 on the dot
so i hops up on the a-train, i'm bein followed
my seventh sense senses danger
i turn around, it's anger
and he brought a mob along, it's the same old song
despair and animosity got broke with the swiftness
i don't know what they think this is
i feel a sharp pain in my neck now i can't see, i'm like hiram
they hit me with the dart filled with the pork chop serum
i tried to hold on but before long i dropped
when i awoke i was locked in the barber's shop
trapped in the barber's chair
oh no, they're gonna try and cut my hair
but that can't stop the prophet

(anger)

yo prophet!
ignorance is tired of you followin him around
we about to put an end to that right now
anamosity (yea!) despair (yo wh-ssup?) get him!!

{dj premier cuts and scratches: "can't a d-mn thing stop me"}

(the prophet)

a few minutes p-ssed by, i hear a buzzin noise
it was that chick with some of ignorance's boys
she said, "prophet, we got you beat;
by the way i'm mr. ignorance's wife, deceit
but enough talk; now for your hair cut.."
when the clippers touched my hair, they blew the f-ck up
after the explosion there was no one left
cause i know dim mak/poison hand/touch of death
my vision's still kinda blurry, but i see a clue
ignorance is at the library
i hurry, with lightning speed like the flash
he's at the big one, on grand, army plaz'
when i get inside the doors shut and the lights go off
d-mn, another trap
i hear a hissin sound, i smell a funny smell
i gasp, i can't breathe
ignorance is laughin at me
waitin on my downfall, but he can't stop the prophet

(mr. ignorance)

well prophet

it seems like you're in a bit of a jam

i hope you can unstick yourself

oh, and what you did to my wife, it was nothing

i have others

hahahahahaha... hahahahaha.. hahahahahah...

"the saga continues!"